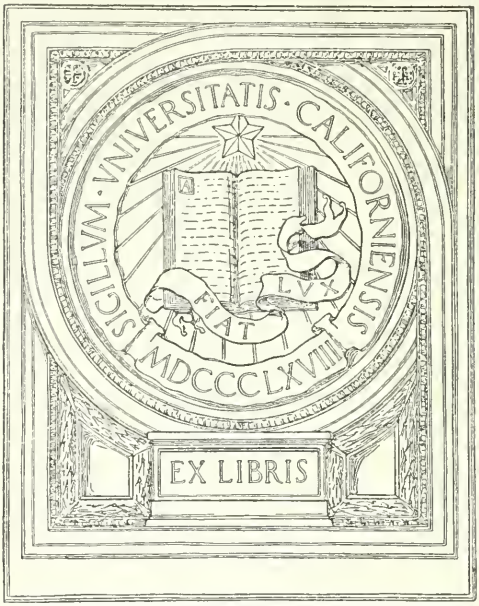
IN THE LAND OF CHINOOK

THE STORY OF BLAINE COUNTY.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

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IN

THE LAND OF CHINOOK

OR

THE STORY OF BLAINE COUNTY



BY

AL. J. NOYES (Ajax)

STATE PUBLISHING CO., HELENA, MONT.

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INTRODUCTION.

I shall offer no excuse for giving this story to the public. Many will read it with delight; while others will cast it aside with contempt. No man can write for all people—that is, to interest all people—successfully.

While this is a story of Blaine county, many of the people along the valley of the Milk river should find much that will prove of an educational nature, as the material was gotten from men who have been identified with the "Land of the Chinook" for many years.

It is no easy matter to gather the incidents and stories that are herein recorded. It requires days of travel, almost endless questions and much research to trace down a fact. What I have placed before you is as truthfully done as possible. I find that men get an idea they are right, and they tell, for truth, something which has been told to them that can not be traced to fact. Any mistake that you find here was given as some other man saw or understood the matter.

Harry Norton, an early-day newspaper man and prominent writer, said: "I know not what the truth may be; I give the story as 'twas told to me."

I could not conclude this without thanking those people who were kind enough to render assistance in the work.

My first encouragement came from Thomas M. Everett and Earnest Ekergren. From Everett I received very much of historical value, as he has been one of the most prominent men connected with this section of Northern Montana. Ekergren looked at it from the standpoint of business; in fact that such an attempt should be encouraged by the people of the county. To Jack Saddler I wish to extend thanks, as he gave me many names to whom I have been and from whom many things of interest were gotten. To each and all of the following, singly and collectively, I extend my thanks: "Daddy" Minugh, Sam Goff, Bill Bent, Billy Cochran, Col. Healey, Jim Snell, "Curley" Ereaux, Wm. Hart, Jay Rhoads, Jesse Angstman, Herbert Anderson, Chas. A. Smith, George Herendeen, Raymond Noyes, Jack Brown, Bradley, Father Eberschweiler, Bob Stuart, "K" Lowery, Chas. M. Russell, "Kid" Price, Si Gamble, Frank Dorrity and Mrs. Moore for stenographic assistance; James Dorrity, Mrs. James Dorrity, Arthur Scott, Min and Mrs. Arthur Cowan, Senator

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Taylor, Joe Mosser, Louie Shambow, Billy Skillen, Bro. Van Orsdel, W. B. Sands, Mrs. Lincoln, the first white woman of Northern Montana; "Daddy" Marsh, Chinook Democrat, Burton of Harlem and A. M. Allison of Chinook, for photos, River Press of Benton, E. M. Kenedy, Vernon Butler, Ed Broadwater, and last, but not least, my friend, Louis V. Bogy, the first man to build a shack in Chinook.

May there be many happy days in store for each of them.

AL J. NOYES (Ajax).

DEDICATION.

To my son, Charles Raymond Noyes, who has struggled for years to make a Dry Farm in Northern Montana yield a fair return, this little story of the men and conditions in "The Land of the Chinook" is dedicated by a loving father.



CREE INDIANS IN CAMP.

CHAPTER I.

The First Inhabitants of Blaine County Were Indians—Grosventres and Assinniboines.

There is a story handed down by the Grosventres (Big Bellies) that many, many moons ago, a time, in fact, so long ago that it is now a myth, the Grosventres and Arapahoes came from the East and when they arrived at the confluence of the Missouri and Yellowstone the Arapahoes turned to the south and the Grosventres crossed the Missouri and followed its north bank. The Grosventres speak of the Arapahoes as their children and it is said that their language is somewhat similar.

The Grosventres claim to have gone as far west as the land of the Blackfeet. In those days the Grosventres were quite a powerful tribe and numbered many warriors. Anyway, it is said they made it so disagreeable for the Blackfeet that they were persuaded to take up their headquarters along the Milk river.

Even though the Indians were the first inhabitants of this section they, by common consent, held as neutral ground the land in this vicinity. They traded at the different posts that had been built for that purpose along the Milk and Missouri rivers.

I say neutral ground—yes—among themselves, but not to the Sioux when they came to this section to hunt the buffalo which had taken refuge in this country.

Fort Browning was one of the first trading posts to be built in what was after to become Blaine County. This post was a short distance below the mouth of Peoples creek. When Ben Phillips got his namesake cut off the old site became a part of Phillips County.

This post was built in 1868 and was abandoned about 1872 for the following reason: As above stated, the Sioux came in large numbers to hunt the buffalo, and their presence made it an impossibility for the Milk River Indians to continue their trading at Browning. This is proof that the Sioux were altogether too powerful for the tribes of this section.

While the post was in operation the whites attempted to farm. Their attempt was an abortive one, however, as all that was done was the breaking of about fifteen acres of land which was never seeded. This was, no doubt, the first land that was

ever plowed in Northern Montana or the Milk river. They did put in some potatoes but there was no great success attending the experiment as the potatoes they raised were very small.

After it was shown that Browning was no longer in neutral ground the post was abandoned and the building of "Old" Fort Belknap Agency, or post, across the river from what is now known as Chinook, the county seat of our county, in '70 or '71.

There was probably not more than fifty miles difference as to distance between these two posts. Why the Sioux did not cover that distance and make it disagreeable for the people located there, has, to my mind, only one explanation. All the other western and northern tribes had more or less in common and could be relied upon to form a coalition to protect themselves from the powerful people to the east.

There can be no doubt but it was these same people who had caused the Grosventres and Arapahoes to leave the lands of their fathers and seek new hunting grounds along the waters of the Upper Missouri, in one case, and, in the other, to find more congenial homes in Wyoming and Colorado. But be the reason what it may, the Sioux did not molest them very much at Belknap. Thus we find that the Grosventres and Assinniboines were the first people to inhabit Blaine County.

What kind of people were they? In fact, what kind of people are they, as they are still quite a factor as far as population is concerned in the county. In the first place, if I have been correctly informed, they were friendly to the whites and I can find but few instances where they ever killed them. One case that was of particular importance happened in the following way: A white trader came among them at one time and so far forgot the rights of the other man that he eloped with the young and comely wife of one of the leading Indians. The Indian, as soon as he found his wife missing, set out in hot pursuit, overtook his enemy and both firing at the same time, were killed. It is too bad that the Red Man had to die, in this case.

It is only natural that we should like to know something of the traits and peculiarities of these people whom we found when we came here and who now occupy one of the most pleasant sections of our county, the Ft. Belknap Reservation. They number 1400 to 1500. Their tribal relations have become more or less disrupted. They no longer have Chiefs to direct them as they once did. (In the olden days of tribal relationship the chief was all powerful. The hunters went out and killed the game, which was brought in by the women to the tepee of the head man and he divided it so that each family had some share.) The young men of the tribe no longer feel that they must subject

themselves to the arbitrary ruling of some one whom they think has no more rights than themselves.

The father was the owner of his children and sold, as a general rule, his daughter to the highest bidder or to the one who had the most to exchange for her. Of course there are instances where the father has allowed his friendship for some man—whether young or old—to take advantage of his avarice and make a present.

Courtship.

The courtship under such conditions could never have been as is too often depicted by the person who wishes to throw the mantle of romance around these people as they have done in so many instances. The young Red Man could not have paid much attention to the girl by saying soft things to her when he knew that the way to her heart was through the pocket of her father. The young Indian would see some girl that he wished to purchase and would probably take a horse and tie it near the father's lodge. If the father considered the horse, or whatever the thing may have been, worth as much to him as the girl he would untie and take possession. But if there was a possibility of the swain coming thru with something more elaborate the horse was left, apparently unnoticed until more presents, either horses or trinkets, had accumulated to satisfy the greed of pater. One can hardly consider that a courtship which has only one side, but there may have been a coy look in the eye of the Indian maiden to show the young warrior that she would be willing to follow him to his lodge.

When the trade was finally made she was taken to the lodge of her husband and began, at once, the arduous duties that the women of the tribes were expected to perform. The drudgery was their part of the contract and the bold husband was to hunt the game and protect the wife from the bands of roving Indians who would too willingly claim her as a trophy.

When an Indian had married the oldest daughter of a man he could, if he so desired, marry each and all the daughters of that man. Many of them had, for wives, as many as seven or eight sisters. When there was more than one wife in a lodge—one of the white men who had married into the Indian tribe, told me he had seen as many as nine wives in the same lodge—the favorite wife was the leader in all the domestic duties, and her word was law. It might be that she was the oldest, or it might be that she was any one of the nine down to the very last and youngest, if she was the favorite she laid out the work and they all fell to and did it. The tanning of hides, the drying of meat, the

making of pemican, or the clothes, was done in that way. Jealousy was the exception and not the rule in these large families.

The husband had complete control over the lives of his wives and no one could gainsay it. If a woman proved untrue she might be killed or disfigured, by having the ears or nose cut off. This was certainly a mark more pronounced than appeared on the brow of Cain. Men have told me that they have seen Indian women bearing these horrible mutilations and going thru life forever branded as untrue to their lords. One instance was called to the notice of the writer as follows: A young man fell in live with the youngest wife of an Indian of wealth. He fled with her to a friendly tribe in a land far distant, but word came to the bereaved husband that his wife was there. He called one of his friends, a man of parts, and said: "In the camp of the ——s you will find the woman who left me for a younger man. Go and bring her back, see that she returns with you and I will reimburse you for your trouble."

The journey was made and ten buffalo ponies—horses that were particularly fitted for the chase of the buffalo—was the price exacted. She was brought back to her lord and master and he said: "Take her to her lodge." He asked the friend how much he had to give for her release and he told him that the price was ten buffalo ponies. The payment of the debt was made at once and he went to the lodge where the young woman was sitting, with her head bowed down with grief and fear, and covered in the folds of her blanket. She knew full well the anger that was in the heart of her husband and also knew that her lot would only be what he should desire. She had been given to this man, so far as her body and life was concerned, not by any law of God, but by the law of the most selfish of all beings, man. Why should man, and especially one who was governed by a law which he had made for only selfish reasons; one which allowed him to run almost as loose as the beast of the field, make a law to govern the woman and keep her bound in subjection?

I have no time for the fool man who thinks himself wiser than the woman who was given him for the gratification of his desires and to help him make this world a place that is really worth living in simply because she was an after-thought of God. Bosh! Man has lived a million years on this earth and instead of raising the standard of life to the highest plain he has raised Hell in his race for selfish aims.

Even in America where the woman is beginning to receive some recognition, where she is being given a chance to help to make the world better, to make it what God must have intended it should become in order that one and all should get the best

that there is in life out, even here, man believes himself one on whom all the responsibilities rest, and with whom all wisdom and goodness lies.

This is a digression, maybe, but I believe it belongs right where it is found. That Indian woman, of tender age, given to a man old enough to have been her father and one who had several women for the gratification of his passions, for that is all the credit that can be extended to one who lives under such laws and conditions, could not be to blame if some one nearer her age had signified a desire for her as she was nothing but an animal any way, according to the law of nature as practiced by the primitive people.

And when her owner stood over her he was kind enough to tell her the price, in horses, she had cost him for her safe return to his lodge. "You are back to my lodge again and you have cost me *ten* buffalo ponies," and with that remark he shot her, not once, but ten times, a shot for each horse.

And that man that over-persuaded her to leave her husband knew the Indian law and knew that the woman would meet that fate, yet he, for a few ponies, surrendered her to be slaughtered. This is only one instance that could be recorded of the frightful price that some Indian women have paid for breaking their marriage vows.

There is another thing that seems strange, and that is the disposition to change the conditions of the distribution of marriageable people, that is, that you will find many old men with young wives and young men with old women for wives. The first time the writer was on the reservation his attention was called to the matter but the party who told him, though one who had lived for years in that section, could throw no light on it. I must admit that, to the writer, that was not the correct way of making the distribution. The why (?) was asked for such a custom and the answer came from a man who had lived for forty years, more or less, among the Indians, that it was simple, when known. "There is no courtship, at least as we know it, known among the Indians. The woman is a commodity to be purchased by the highest bidder, as it were. The young and tender girls, even of seven or eight, might be chosen by some old Indian who had many wives already, if he had accumulated ponies or property with which to buy them, while the aged wife of the same man might be purchased by some younger man who was less fortunate or had not become old enough to have made raids among his Indian neighbors and stolen the requisite number of horses to give him a start in the world."

When one takes this as the reason he no longer wonders at the condition as he knows that the man who holds woman as

property can not and does not form affection for her. I have heard, though, of Indian men who have been as much in love with their wives as any one of the higher races in civilization could possibly think. A gentleman told me of one man, and one, too, who was a big chief, who would sit for hours and comb the hair of his better half. This man could hardly leave her to go to war or to the chase. Surely an exception.

Talcum Powder in Big Bunches.

Not many years ago when a child was born to one of these women it was placed in the baby sack, and as a preventative for chafing, was packed in the dry pulverized dung of the buffalo. This had been rubbed until it had become an almost impalpable dust. These mothers were much as the more civilized ones in that some of them were very careful and changed their little ones as often as necessary to keep them comfortable, while others became careless and allowed the little one to suffer agony because of the accumulation of filth about them. This dry dung is used much as the Talcum powder of the white mother, but surely in more generous quantities.

I have been told by men who have lived among them that they were more cleanly before the advent of the whites than they are now. Baths were of frequent occurrence and many were known to open the ice and jump in. I recall a story of the particular carelessness of one Indian woman in this part of the state as related by Larpenture, a man who was at Ft. Union years ago and who left a very interesting story or diary which, in the hands of a noted writer, has become of much value to those who like to study the conditions of men. He said: "It was thought necessary by the factor of the post to go up to the Milk River country and make a trade with the Indians in their winter camp, so another man and myself were selected to make the trip. It was one of those very cold and disagreeable winters when one would have been much more comfortable at the fireside of a cabin than out on the prairies of the Northwest in the Indian camp, especially when they were camped where wood was hard to get. We arrived at their place of encampment and it was so cold and the snow was so deep that we could get about but little. We had been invited to the lodge of one of the principal men and was partaking of his hospitality, which had lasted for several days, when the man who was with me began to lose his appetite. I was somewhat alarmed at this as he had been able to make a full hand at the table and this sudden change bothered me not a little as I could hardly get my stuff back to the post if he became incapacitated. I asked him what was wrong and his reply was somewhat startling to one with a weak stomach, as he said: 'I saw the squaw use her butcher knife to remove the

frozen increment from the nether garments of her papoose and, without washing it, she proceeded to cut the meat for our supper, and from that time till this I have not thought as much about eating as I have in changing boarding houses.' It is needless to say we soon wound up our business and started for the Fort, though it was a very serious matter at that time of the year."

There were instances among the tribes where separations took place by mutual consent. There were also women in some camps who would barter themselves for a price. These women had been the wives of men who were not blood-thirsty enough to kill or disfigure, but allowed them to live in the same camp a prey to the desires of men.

Indians, though they appear stoical to the whites, are as full of jokes, when left to their own devices, as are the whites. They are fond of their tribal dances and have built several large dance halls or houses on the reservation at convenient points. These buildings are round. They congregate at these places often. The writer was informed by a man who has lived for years among them that the dances of today are too immoral for any use and are more for the gratification of the animal passions than for social enjoyment. That this is a fact was substantiated by a young man who said that it was too true.

The advent of the white man did not benefit the Red. While it is a fact that many good white men did marry Indian women and were true to their family relations, there were too many who lived for their personal gratifications—careless of the final results. When the railroad came too many of the "Bucks" made the mother of their children a commodity to satisfy the lust of the grader and hanger-on.

The Indian would always steal from his enemy, but seldom from his tribe. An incidence that took place several years ago was related to the writer by William Bent, who said: "Bill Hamilton, the frontiersman and author, boasted that there was not an Indian in America who could creep up to him in the night and relieve him of any of his possession. Bill would not sleep any place except out in the open. There was a noted Indian horse thief, "Grosventre Jerry," who had never been known to miss anything he had started for. The boys, knowing the Indian's almost uncanny ability, wagered Bill that they knew a man who would get something that he possessed, but, of course, would not state any definite time. Bill always laid down with his gun by his side, his revolver under his head and a famous bulldog at his feet.

One night he made his usual preparations, hanging his field glasses on some bushes at the head of his bed and placing his revolver under his head. Jerry had been told that if Bill caught

him in the act of pillage it would be sure death. I do not know what the incentive could have been that would cause the Indian to take a chance such as was put up to him; the trying to secure something from a sleeping man, noted for his caution, and especially from the bulldog that would have killed him if Bill hadn't. The next morning old Bill raised a big disturbance because his revolver, from under his head, and glasses, from off the bush, had been taken, and neither himself, or the dog, heard the approach of the thief. Bill never again boasted of his prowess but made a particular friend of Jerry, for whom he would do anything."

I can not take too much of my time in recounting the tales of these peculiar people, nor in trying to throw light on their characteristics because this could not be done in one short chapter. When everything is known of them and, of other races and peoples, then we can say that they are a different people from any others whom we know. The man who is the student of mankind—the ethnologist—will tell you that men are pretty much alike the world over. Men are only peculiar to us as they differ from us in our mode of thinking.

That there can be no sin where there is no intent to do evil, holds just as good among the various nations and tribes of earth as it does in our own laws. The Indian woman who has been traded and sold for the price that men would pay for her had nothing in her ethics that would cause her to blush with shame.

The Indian who had been taught to steal the enemies' horses should certainly not be condemned, too severely, as we find the white men in their warfare doing things much worse.

The Indians worshiped the sun and other things as they would worship rocks of peculiar shapes. Their theory of the settlement, or the way they happened to be here was, as told to me by one of the old men, so Wm. Bent says, as follows: "Long time ago our people were on a big frozen lake and one of the women had a papoose on a sled. We came to a place where there was an elk horn protruding from the ice and the baby wanted it and in our endeavor to procure it the ice broke, drowning some and separating the party. Those who were on this side of the hole came and settled this country." Who knows but what the Bering sea was frozen over and that the Indian did come to this land in that very way.

In closing this chapter on these people, who came here before we did, I want to say that they are among us, and will become, as soon as the reservation is thrown open, a part of us. They will present problems for us to solve and in solving them let us treat them as men who will have the same rights that we enjoy as they are to be amenable to our laws.



CURLEY EREAUX.

CHAPTER II.

"Squaw-Men."

If one were to speak about the men who have taken Indian women, derisively, he would be considered as anything but wise, in some parts of Montana. The fact is that some of the best men had Indian women in the early days when women were at a premium and before the advent of the pioneer white women.

I have met many of these men and have heard of many more and must say that while many of them at this time are touchy on the subject and would not like to have their names mentioned, others do not care, as it is known that they live with these women as affectionate husbands and fathers. They are married to them by the white man's law and by that same law do they protect them. The writer does not believe that the mixing of races is the proper thing as the law of caste and congenality precludes such a union.

The white man did not woo the woman in the prescribed white man's way as that would not do when dealing with a race that had a different law and that was governed by different methods. If they were to secure the Indian woman who appeared to be the most attractive to them, they had to pay the price as the Red man did. This price is, or was, not a general one, but depended probably as much on the wealth and standing of the Indian family as it did on the woman herself, that is on her personal charms.

Some times the price would be a horse or maybe a bottle of whiskey that would soon disappear into the recess made for such liquors, with the result that as soon as the effects of the "fire-water" had died out the Brave would forget that he had made the trade and trouble would occur.

I remember that one of the men of my acquaintance, while in a reminiscent mood, told me some of his experiences. He said: "I have had seven or eight Indian wives in my long and varied experience on the plains. Let me see, how did I get the first one? Oh, yes, I traded a second-hand cook stove for her; and the second one, rung-in on me." Now probably the Indian woman was not unwise when she "rung in" as she found that she could get plenty to eat for what ever service she could render her master.

Now this man was somewhat of a philosopher and I am going to give the result of some of my conversations with him, though some of the material recorded will be, in a way, a repetition.

"There was one custom that was used by the Indian woman, and one of my wives used it on our children, and that was the

placing of the new born child in the baby sack in which there was a generous amount of pulverized horse or buffalo dung. The child is swathed in this until about one year old. Why it is done I do not know but believe it is to prevent chafing." How is it that one finds old men with young women as wives and the young men with the old women for wives? was asked. "The young fellows never had property with which to buy the girl of his age—and as marriage was simply to satisfy nature—they could, for a nominal price, secure the old and cast-off wife of some wealthy tribesman."

The Indian woman was the man's property and for infidelity, his right, an undisputed one, was to kill or disfigure her. This, no doubt, bred fear in her to such an extent that she was generally, in the early days, virtuous. This may be a poor definition for the word virtue, but probably many people are compelled to lead virtuous lives—not because of their innate refinement that one must respect in what he knows to be a good man or woman—but for the same reason that the Indian woman remained true to her lord and master—fear.

When the woman found a new master—thru the cupidity of the old one—she must assume her new duties and proceed along the new lines and new places that would be opened for her thru her new owner. Such a condition could not have proved conducive to the highest development of virtue.

The woman who holds her passion in control, because her husband is a brute, who holds her life in his hands, cannot arise to the same high plane as does the one who is governed by love for and a desire to please her mate. The Indian woman was, then, the slave that must do the bidding of the master no matter what that would be. She left his camp fire, her children and the little things which she had gathered about her, for which she must have had some affection, to go to the lodge of any man, no matter how repugnant he might be to her, at the behest of her owner. I want to know who in h——l ever gave any man the right to dominate woman? Surely it must have been a right given by the rules of Hades rather than by a God who is supposed to *love*.

While there was not and could not be—under such condition—love and respect that is supposed to exist between the more civilized mates, there was an affection for the offspring, borne by both parents. The father would take delight in assisting the son with material wealth to help him become a brave. They all appeared to be proud of relationship and wished to be known as such to the third and fourth generation. There was one peculiar custom which I could never get the reason for and that was the "shame" feeling that the mother-in-law had for the son-in-law.

She was never supposed to see his face after he had courted or purchased her daughter. She was never to enter his lodge while he was at home.

Several of the stories that will appear in this work will be the stories of men who are squaw-men. They were the men who helped, to some extent, civilize the Indian. And it was from them that much of the early story of the Northwest must be had if had at all.

We find that some of the young men and women—half-breeds if you will—are among the most respected of the inhabitants, because they behave themselves and try to live upright and decent lives. While it is a fact that many of the unions between the white men of the plains and the Indian women were only matters of convenience, there were other men who were honorable enough to make the union legal.

Affection of white men for their Indian children was not of the same nature that was felt by the white father for the white child. It can be better illustrated by the following story told me by a cowboy who once rode the range of the reservation.

The Cowboy's Story.

"I was riding the range in the vicinity of an Indian reservation and got so I would attend the dances given by them. Their tribal dances were not alone indulged in as they also danced many of the square dances of the whites. I was young and probably foolish. There was one of the young girls with whom I struck up an acquaintance. Often I would drop my bridle lines at their cabin door and call on her. She was, so far as I know, as virtuous as any white girl. One evening, riding that way, I got off my horse and walked into the cabin. As soon as I got in the whole family left. This was, to me, a strange proceeding as it had not occurred before. I made my visit short. Again I called and the old Indian father kissed me on the cheek and then they all left. I asked the girl the meaning of this seeming affection—a thing that I had not experienced before. She simply said: 'My folks like you, in fact would be willing for you to become one of the family.'

"I soon retired and went to camp. A short time after this I was at one of our camps attending to my horse, when one of the men who has been identified with the Indians for years, came in to the stable and watched me for a while. I could see that there was something of importance on his mind although he hesitated somewhat in finding an opportunity to express himself. At last he said: 'I notice that you have been frequently, of late, at the Indian dances. I don't like it myself and wish to tell you a

story. I came into this land when I was a young man. There were no other than Indian women. I was, as you are, healthy and passionate, and proceeded to purchase a woman, then the only way of getting one. That same Indian woman happens to be the little woman I am living with now. Soon nature operated in its usual way and a little dark baby came to our lodge. It was then that I pitied that woman, the mother of my child, and pitied more, the child. This was my fault and I a white man. Well, others came and I have stayed with the woman that I would have wronged by leaving her. I have loved, not as the white father would the child of his loins, but my love for them is more of pity, that I had brought half-castes into existence where they would always be handicapped. Now, my boy, I have told you this little story of my life, hoping that you may never be the father of any little child you will have to pity.'

"To see that little man standing, wrought by his feelings to such an extent that the tears were welling up and flowing down his cheeks, made an impression on me of such a nature that I never went again to see the Indian maiden but lived to know no affectionate pity for my babes as they are the babes of a white mother."

That was only one instance that came to my notice when after material to make a story. One other which I will relate will give much the same results. My narrator said: "I recall that one time I was riding with a cowboy who was of a good family. I shall not tell his name as he is a mighty proud man and might take exceptions to anything of a personal nature. He was so proud that all of his clothes had to come from the east. No clothing that would be shipped for the use of the ordinary cowboy was good enough for this man who had been raised to finer things. This day our conversation turned on the men who had taken Indian women. He said: 'If I had a black bunch of babies as ——— has I would throw them into the Milk river the same as I would any other animal that I wished to get rid of.' To me that did not sound right. The sequal shows him in a little different light. He secured a woman off the reservation and took her to his cabin. There was an Indian Agent who appeared to have a little higher idea of right than those who had been there before, as he issued an order that white men living with Indian women must either marry them or else bring them back to the reservation and leave them alone. This was not considered by many of the white men as any business of the Agent. My friend said he would do as he pleased. He did not at once take the woman back. Once more the edict came forth to either marry the woman or bring her back. There were no uncertain terms and no fooling in the demand made at that time and on that

occasion. He loaded up the furniture and took her back and was going to turn her adrift. When the time came he found that he, the son of a noble sire, had unknowingly formed an affection for this little dusky woman and he could not turn her loose. He called in the proper authority and wedded her. Then to his cabin came little dark fellows, not one, but many, and the Milk river never became as the Ganges, the burial place of unwelcome babes, so far as this man was concerned. He lives on the reservation and lives for those children as few white fathers ever have lived for theirs." These two instances should be proof of the peculiar affection that the good white man has for his half-breed offspring. They could be multiplied if one would wish to go into the matter to a more thorough extent.

All of the men who came into the Indian country were not men of high class by any means. They were wild and reckless and were only after personal gratification. They were, many of them, the cause of trouble between the whites and Indians. It would not take much of a stretch of the imagination to prove that a man who had gone to live with the Indians when he was a young man could be lead to become a horse thief. There was nothing an Indian would not attempt in the way of securing a horse. A large number of them together would make it an almost impossibility, as they could too readily be seen while trying to get their position where they could get the horses with the least amount of danger to themselves. This taught caution, the one thing needed in doing this kind of work. Now the white man who had no high standards could fall into this kind of work and use the Indian as a shield. That is, he could cause the Indian to be suspected, as he was noted for his love for someone else's horse. This was known to have caused much trouble in the early days of the settlement of the wilds of North America.

It is not an easy thing to go to a man and ask him anything of a personal nature. Many of them are like a man of my acquaintance, a man very prominent in the state and one for whom a county was named, from whom I tried to get a story. His reply was: "I only wish I could forget some of the things that have occurred in my life."

Now he is not the only man who wishes to forget. Some of the squaw-men of the reservation, so I have been told, would like to forget. No one will ever write the stirring and true stories of the early days, nor tell the truth about the Rustlers who caused so much trouble among the stockmen. Many a man who would have been hanged, if caught, twenty years ago, is a respected citizen whom no one would ever suspect of having been anything except what he appears at this time to be, a perfect gentleman.

It can truthfully be said that the men who came to the west and took up the roving life of the Indian did not as a general thing accumulate much property. Nor did they, ordinarily, benefit the Red Man by teaching him thrift and industry. The early life on the plains was of such a nature that men could not stay in any particular place for any given time as they never tried to cultivate the soil or build permanent habitations.

The reason for this is plain; they had to follow the chase for a livelihood and wherever the game went they would go if not deterred by some stronger tribe.

No property that they could get would be anything but personal which only caused them more or less anxiety, as it was a menace rather than a pleasure, as other tribes and people were ever anxious to take it from them.

Their sustenance seemed to be a secured thing, as they could not, in the early days, understand how it would be possible to destroy the numberless buffalo that covered the plains from Mexico to the great lakes of Canada.

I do not believe the ordinary Squaw-man ever found out much of real value concerning the people among whom he went to live. He was not a student of conditions nor did he care to find out any of their peculiarities, or learn what they knew about themselves.

He worked along the lines of least resistance and simply knew the Indian as a companion on whom he might rely if he was friendly and knew the Indian woman as a matter of convenience as she did the work around his tepee and gratified his physical desires.

And far too many of them were men of no education who were but little higher in the human scale than the people with whom they cast their lots. Let us leave them and not condemn them as we only "see according to our lights."

CHAPTER III.

Buffalo and Their Hunters.

One who never saw the buffalo in the times of plenty, when they roamed the Great Plains in countless numbers from Texas to the Canadian line, could not be made to realize, by written word, even though it might be penned by the most gifted describer of events and conditions, their immense numbers or the wonderful life and variety they gave to those same plains.



BUFFALO ON THE PLAINS.

The Red Men, in all their picturesque costumes, rode the plains in their chase for food and robes. Under them these herds increased to millions and would have continued to have been their main support for ages, as they killed and saved all portions, and only hunted when in need.

Many years after the advent of the whites the plains were covered with these herds because the whites had not reckoned their value as to hides. Many noted plainsmen got more or less a questionable notoriety by their slaughter of these brutes. Buffalo Bill, for instance, got his name and much of his fame in that way. Bill was one who must have had more or less talent in the advertising line as he was in a position to make the most of anything of that nature that came to him. The fact that he was advertised to such an extent that he became the chief guide when the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia came to America to hunt, was the Red Letter Day for Bill. Many a man to whom Bill could not hold a candle, so the writer has been told by the old plainsmen and hunters, have hardly been known to the general public.

Cree Halfbreeds.

These people were the natural offspring of hunters, as both the father and mother were of that class. They were from Canada and came to the Milk River section to hunt, as there were not many buffalo as far north as they resided. I have an idea that these same people used to hunt in North Dakota before the buffalo were driven to the West along the Missouri.

Louie Shambrow, who came to the Milk river in 1865 came with these people. They were men who were used to the hard conditions of the plains and were always willing to fight the Indians, if necessary, in their struggle for existence. They were a happy people who found enjoyment as they passed. One of the first things they would do on arriving in camp would be to put up the tent or lodge in which they held their dances. They had a floor with them. The one thing that the priest could not do was stop their dance. Many of these people were so fair that they would be taken for whites. They had light hair and blue eyes. Shambrow was for years thought to be one of them, as he was with them when he was only twelve years of age. Not many of them spoke English, so it fell to the lot of Louie to become interpreter.

The conditions along the Milk river were well adapted to the life they were to lead as the buffalo came to know the country as grazing ground. These people built cabins in several places along the Milk River valley and lived in settlements so that they

could be strong enough to protect themselves from Indians, and also for their social life.

These people were too near of the Indian nature to have exterminated the buffalo. It required the man who was a hunter of hides for the money that was in it that would soon destroy the last vestige of them. Then, too, it took the big trading companies to encourage even these men before the work was fully accomplished. When the time came for their extermination hunters did the work so rapidly that it was done so suddenly that all the frontiersmen were astonished. One of the men who had been on the plains for fifty years said that the hunter would begin in the north and as the great herds began to move south they would send telegrams to others that the herds were coming and in that way they were met and slaughtered. Noted shots would employ men to do the skinning and they would do the killing.

V. Bogy says that one of the noted hunters of those days was Brisbeau, who at this time is living on the reservation. Bogy said that this man had killed as many as 300 head at one stand. They were about all killed from '82 to '85.

The bones were gathered in piles and the railroad did a thriving business hauling them to the Eastern market. Pages could be filled with the stories of the days when the men were killing the buffalo. These men came from all over the West and Southwest. Some will say that many of the buffalo hunters became, later, the cattle rustlers as they got so they could see but little difference between the Indian's cattle (the buffalo) and the white man's.

Charlie Russell, the Cowboy Artist, once said to the writer: "You can't blame the Indian very much for being sore at the whites as they killed what nature had provided for their food and did it wantonly."

It is true that General Miles had said that the only way to subdue the Indian was to kill the buffalo so they could not sustain themselves. The American Indian had been a problem ever since the first white men landed on their soil. Those first white men found a race that were not vicious. At least the overt act was on the part of the race that should have been the best and should have used its education and religion to uplift and enlighten. They had no thought other than to make a dollar, with the result that the Indian was taken and sold into slavery in foreign lands. Nothing could be more cruel than the separation of families in such a way. It was done in a way that taught the Red Man that the white one had no kindly feeling for them. They could not see that all the whites were not of the same class as they could only judge those whom they first met and these certainly had treated them in a most contemptible manner.



MRS. LINCOLN.

We came here in 1878 on the steamboat Benton, having taken fourteen days to come from Bismarck to Fort Benton. Landing there we went overland to Fort Belknap and found one man there, Tom O'Hanlon, acting as post trader.

This reservation had been established several years before, but had been abandoned and my husband, Major W. L. Lincoln, was the first agent upon its re-establishment. He had supervision over about two thousand Indians, Gros Ventres and Assiniboines. Mr. Lincoln served two terms, a period of eight years, at the end of that time the reservation was opened to the railroad and the Indians were moved to Harlem.

My son-in-law, C. G. Fish, was bookkeeper and his daughter Nellie, now Mrs. Robt. Cline of Highwood, Mont., was the first white child born there.

MRS. W. L. LINCOLN.

Note from caption: Mrs. Lincoln, first white woman to live in the Milk River Valley.

The Indian went to the plains of the far west and in that land thought for a time they would be safe, but the cupidity of the white race brought them also and they overran that, too, and crowned all their efforts by the utter extinction of the supply that nature had furnished for the Indian's sustenance.

There are two sides of this question but the settlement of it was on the side of the majority. Whether this was right or wrong must be decided by that ONE who made us all and who may some time judge.

The American Buffalo or Bison was a wonderful animal that lived in vast herds. Men have seen them in such great numbers that no one who had no real experience in the early days could believe that the stories told could possibly have any virtue.

In the early days when the steamboats were used as a means of transportation on the Missouri, they had to be stopped while the herds were swimming the stream. One man told me that on one of his trips to a trading post on the Milk river he had to take men and drive the buffalo out of the way so the ox teams could get through as they were so thick the teams could not, with safety, make their way.

The buffalo hunter and wolfer were peculiar men who were used to many hardships and who would go for months without any other food than that killed from day to day or the jerked or dried meat of some other killing. One man told me that he lived for eight months on meat alone and for three months of that time without salt.

The hide was worth about five dollars delivered along the banks of streams that one could navigate in any kind of a boat and especially on such streams as the Missouri and Yellowstone.

The Government did not try to stop the slaughter but rather encouraged it. It does not appear to me that there could have been any romance attached to work of that nature. The Indian had been subdued and was no longer a menace. If he had not been in the minority the buffalo would still roam the broad plains of this country in untold numbers.

CHAPTER IV.

First Settlement by the Whites.

"I will give the story as it was told to me, not knowing what the truth may be," as Harry Norton, a once well-known Newspaper man said, when writing of the early days and the tales that came to his ear.

There are three ways in which history can be obtained: Live it, hunt the written records or get the stories of those who have lived it.

Living at this time in Blaine county is a man on whom one may rely for facts concerning the time which he has spent in Montana, "Billy" Cochran is well known to all of the old-timers on the Milk river and the writer will give a statement made by him.

The first settlement in what was afterward to become Blaine county was on Rock creek in the Little Rockies one mile east of where Landusky is now. Wm. Cochran, John Dillon, O. B. Nevins and Adam Armstrong left Fort Benton about the first of October, 1865, in a mackinaw with goods with which to trade with the Indians. On the 15th day of that month they found some Indians at the mouth of the creek from whom they bought some horses. These were the Gros Ventres and River Crows. The expectation was to trade with these Indians at the mouth of the creek. The natives, however, said that the Sioux were too troublesome as they would come as soon as the river was frozen over and make it so disagreeable that there would be no enjoyment in trying to stay in that vicinity and the better thing would be for all of them to move to the mountains. We took their advice and went up the creek and built four log cabins. Two of these were on each side of the enclosure and formed two sides of it while the stockade formed the other two.

There were about 500 lodges and probably an average of five people to the lodge. We had no name for the post. There were but few white men in the country that winter. There may have been fifteen. I recall some of them: George Boyd, above the mouth of the Musselshell, at Holly; "Old Man" Reavis, Jake Leader (killed in 69 at the mouth of the Musselshell); Cyprenne Matt and Jim Wells. Dave Pease (who helped to build Ft. Holly) was at Ft. Union. We were in the Rockies about four months trading for robes and had no trouble. Prior to this time men may have made a winter camp in this section as it is known that the hunters and trappers from Ft. Union would often pass through it in their quest for game and pelts.

We know, also, that the Cree half-breeds were in the habit of coming to the Milk river to hunt and that they built cabins and had several settlements up and down the valley. We find that about 1868 Ft. Browning was built down below the mouth of Peoples creek in what is now Phillips county. When the Sioux came and made it unsafe for the other Indians to trade at Browning it was abandoned and Old Belknap was constructed in the early seventies just across the river from Chinook.

It was hardly safe yet for men who were not living with the Indians to begin to settle as there was still a chance to lose one's scalp. In '79, after the Nez Perce war was a thing of the past, the government came to the conclusion to build Fort Assinniboine. That post gave some security to the people, yet, once in a while it seemed necessary for the soldiers to go out and hunt Indians.*

There are men living in the valley today who will tell you that the Fort was really of more benefit to the contractors who supplied the place with various articles than it was to the settler.

If one could believe all that is told of these days one could see without any glasses the reason why some of the men now at the head of affairs in Montana became so wealthy.

It is said that one load of hay would be hauled and delivered so often that the teamster would need stop and grease his wagon to keep the wheels from locking. A prominent citizen of the Milk river told me he had never attempted to get a hay contract while the Fort was in operation for the reason that no man could expect to get his stuff accepted unless he first gave the man in charge of those commodities a present.

In those early days when the Government had sent out men to fill positions of responsibility too many of them fell through the wiles of the tempter and were ruined themselves though the men, whom they had made rich, escaped. A man told me that one of these officers had been apprehended and sent to the penitentiary, here he had remained for five years but that the man who had been benefited was a pretty good fellow for "I saw a check for fifty thousand dollars which he had gotten one of his clerks to send the man." Now that man, who received the benefit, is a much respected citizen and a banker as well as merchant in this state today.

Though men came and went in the early days one could hardly say that there was any real settlement on the Milk river until the Great Northern Railroad was finished, or until it came into that section. The railroad came in 1887 and people began to settle along the river. At that time, the fact is, the whole section was an Indian reservation and one could not settle with any chance of holding a claim. The Reservation was thrown open, or at least a part of it was, on May 1st, 1888.

At the time of the opening of the reservation the Great Northern advertised the Milk River valley as the only portion of Montana that could be farmed without irrigation and the valley was settled up, especially around Chinook, and almost every 160 acres was taken up and farmed without irrigation. In the fall of 1889 a man by the name of T. C. Burns came to Chinook from the Yellowstone where he had practiced irrigation. He and his family filed on about 1800 acres of land under the old desert land

act which granted a section to each applicant and permitted a homestead in addition to it. He started in the fall of 1889 to build a canal from the Milk river to irrigate his claims. He worked on his ditches till 1890 when a suit was brought against him by the Great Northern Railway, an injunction secured by the company, stopping him from building the canal. The Company claimed that in 1888 they had filed a water right covering all the waters of the Milk river for tank purposes for its engines, but the real reason given by the officials of the road was that the building of the canal would put a damper upon the immigration from the east as it would lead the settlers to believe that irrigation was necessary and having no experience with that kind of farming they would refuse to settle the country. The case dragged through the courts for several years and it was finally decided in favor of Burns and the injunction dismissed.

In the meantime a succession of four or five years had caused the most of the farmers to leave the valley as dry land farming in the valley had proved a failure. The only people left in the valley, except a few stockmen, were the settlers engaged in the construction of irrigation canals at Chinook and Harlem.

The first irrigated ranch in what is now Blaine county is the one on which Thomas M. Everett is now living. Mr. Everett owned it at that time also. His land was flooded and a fine crop of hay raised the first year.

In 1889 there was a large crop raised from the overflow of 1888. In 1900 a ditch was constructed from Parallel Creek, now called Thirty Mile. This ditch was built by Thos. M. Everett, J. M. Everett and James E. Fox, from a point near the James E. Fox homestead buildings.

The Harlem canal, from Milk river, was started in the summer of 1891 and the first water was turned on the land from that canal in 1895. The Paradise Valley Canal was started about the same time as the Harlem canal to irrigate the south side of the river west of Harlem.

The lands along the Milk river were very smooth but were generally covered with sage brush and needed cleaning before the hay could be cut.

It was about this time that the cattle men began to fetch their stock, as has been said in another place, they were compelled to move from the older settled sections of the Territory to the lands north of the Missouri as the grass was getting thin in the older ones.

This caused the streams and watering holes to be filed on as they were the only parts of the country the stockman thought had any value. It had been proven by several futile attempts that the dry lands would not raise a crop and if such should prove

the case then the water holes would always be very valuable, as it was safe to say there would be all the grass needed by them for years to come. But, then, they had not taken into consideration that the sheep would come and make the stockman so much trouble that he, too, would be required to stop his range business and go into something else.

The people who lived on the Milk river in those days could put their land under the ditch and protect their stock from the hard winters, or they could get rid of them and sell their hay to the west, as the kind of hay raised, Blue Joint, was much in demand, as horse hay, by people as far removed as the coast.

There had to be trading points on the railroad, so Chinook was started in 1888, that is, there was a station about three-fourths of a mile up toward Havre from what is now the station, that was known as Dawes.

When the railroad was being built into the valley Tom O'Hanlon was running the store at Belknap. Louis V. Bogy was working with him and they came to the conclusion that there must be a town some place near the Agency. Tom had made up his mind that the proper place would be on the creek some place but "V." thought that the "little hill" would be much the better place as the spring had shown that water would cover the point which Tom had selected. It would be useless to try and get a patent to the land as it would be out of the question to homestead, as that would require too long, and the preemption law was not in effect on the Milk river. It was thought wise to have Bogy build a cabin and squat on the place picked out and then when the reservation was thrown open they would have the first right. So he built a little cabin near where George Cowan's barn is now.

Bogy and O'Hanlon had no idea of making any money out of the town site but were to turn it over to a town site company which was composed of a Press Association that was financed by several farm papers of the east. These people took it over but did not get a title, so the Government had to reserve it for a town site and the money from the sale of lots went into the school district.

The name Chinook was chosen by D. R. McGinnis, one of the newspaper men, so L. V. Bogy told the writer, and he should know.

Rideout had the first hotel, The Chinook House; Wynkoop, the Pioneer Restaurant; Kingsbury, the Townsite King; Kelsey, the Feed and Grainman; Coombs, the General Store; "Uncle Johnnie Lewis" with his stock of drugs; Lee Cumm, the Chinaman, built the Montana hotel; Vincent, with his brick kiln; A. H. Resor was the first blacksmith and then came Ballou, Elliott

of "The Bank," the unfermented juice man; Letcher, the barber; Maney, the choice brandy man; Rainbolt Bros., furniture house; Raymond of the Boston store; Judge Stevens, a notary public and first railroad agent.

T. C. Power and Brother same as Tom O'Hanlon; Barton and Stam, heavy hardware; Lohman and Bartzen, general store; Chas. A. Hanson, livery stable.

The foremost building of that day was the brick built by Thos. O'Hanlon, 1889. Soon the old town hall was built by popular subscription, and used for school and church by the little band of pioneer educators and Christians of all denominations numbering less than a score.

Miss Lizzie Curtis was the first teacher, and the trustees of the district which was the tenth in old Chouteau, were Thomas O'Hanlon, A. H. Resor and W. N. Woolridge. In 1893 they built the first brick school house with two class rooms and a recitation room. Prof. J. S. Whitehead was first principal. In '99 the W. H. Duke building was erected; later, 1900, the Lohman block and the Bogy building; in 1901 the Chinook hotel.

Dr. Chas. F. Hopkins was the first physician, he came in 1890.

Akin to these pioneers, who have laid the foundations of a strong and vigorous Commonwealth, are Wm. Duke, who embarked in business here in 1898; Julius Lehfeldt, who purchased the A. S. Lohman business in 1898; Attorney W. B. Sands, who hung his shingle out in 1895. Frank Boyle, the clothier; Marvin P. Jones, C. M. Williams, A. Perkins, John C. Duff, G. E. Fuller, Samuel Houston, Thomas Dowen, E. S. Sweet, John M. Montgomery, J. S. McKibbin, Ed. Price, A. W. Ziebarth, "Daddy" Marsh and Frank O'Neal, the genial landlords of the Montana hotel; J. F. Williams and a long list of others have helped to make this a city of homes and one of the nicest places of its size to be found any where.

In 1899 Chinook was incorporated and A. S. Lohman was elected mayor; L. V. Bogy, J. W. Stam, Dr. C. F. Hopkins and M. P. Jones aldermen, with Samuel Houston magistrate and A. W. Ziebarth marshal.

When the new county of Blaine was organized the city of Chinook had "pull" enough to become the County Seat. A beautiful court house was erected that would be a credit to a city several years older and for a county much richer. The people of Chinook have gone about beautifying their city until today it is one of the best built towns in the northern part of the state and bids fair to grow for years to come. Its people are wide-awake and are ones to whom we kindly express pleasure for having received so many favors.

The little city of Harlem had its first start in 1889. As it was close to the Agency and only a short distance from the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation there was some probability that it would make a good point. The first house was built by Thos. M. Everett; first saloon by Al Cecil; first store, Chas. A. Smith; first hotel, Manning Bros.; first bank was opened in 1906 by eight men, Thos. M. Everett, Walter French, E. M. Kennedy, Chas. Owens, who was cashier before Mr. Hatch; Carver, who used to be president of the First National Bank of Chinook; Sprinkle Bros. and Major Will Logan.

Steven Carver had organized a bank in Chinook. The first white woman in Harlem was Mrs. John Manning. She came in the fall of 1889. The first white woman in this vicinity was Mrs. J. A. Wise, who came in 1888 and settled on the little knoll where Dr. Williams has his house now. The first wedding was Al Cecil, who married a niece of Louis Riel. Their daughter was the first white girl born in Harlem and is now the wife of Ole Nelson.

Right here will be a good place to give some of the experiences of the man who was the first merchant in the town, Charles A. Smith. In the fall of 1888 I was at Rockey Point and Johnnie Lee insisted that I stay with him that winter and hunt wolves. John Lee, "Dutch" Louie and myself started for Valentine Spring with traps and ammunition to catch wolves. We got there and camped near a cabin, intending to stay all winter. Next day we got some deer, then John started back.

I noticed the knuckle on my hand was sore, the second day it got worse and the third I was down with inflammatory rheumatism. I had to have help so Louie put me in the cabin and started for the Point. I had to make my bed on the ground and never left it till he got back. That night was the most terrible one I have ever experienced because that old chimney was full of mountain rats. As soon as it got dark they came and ran all over me and even ate the hair off of my head and I couldn't do a thing but yell at them as I could not move a hand in self-protection. I got a little sleep in the day time and Louie came by night. I hadn't had a thing to eat for two days.

In the morning he put me in the wagon and took me forty miles. How I suffered. I got to camp and for six weeks I never moved hand or foot. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Marsh, now of Chinook, took care of me.

In the spring the Curry boys got me, I was stranded, hadn't a cent on earth, and took me to the Curry ranch. I stayed with them for a couple of weeks and told the boys I was going to pull out for the St. Paul's Mission to work. I took my blankets

and some bread and bacon and started on my walk of fourteen miles to the mission. I worked there all summer till August and then came down to Wayne creek and from there to Chinook. I received $225 from Mr. O'Hanlon which I had coming for the work at the mission. I made up my mind to come to Harlem. There was nothing here then but a boxcar for a depot. The first night I spread my blankets about where the depot is now. The next morning we took our blankets to the bank of Thirty Mile under the big trees and not far from where this house is. I remained in that camp for about a week and then came to the conclusion to start a little store here. That was in the fall of 1889. There was only one family, no store or hotel. Henry Playmondin was going in with me.

I went to Chinook and had a talk with Tom O'Hanlon, but he discouraged me. I reported to Henry, but hold him I would go once more and see Tom. I met Chas. C. Conrad as I was getting on the train, who was glad to see me, and asked me what I was doing. I told him what I wanted to do and he told me to come to Benton and he would give me what assistance I needed. On Sunday I went to Benton. The next morning I called on Conrad and he handed me a note to his head man telling him to give me all the credit I wanted. I only had $167 and my partner one hundred. We bought goods to trade to the Indians, outfit costing eight or nine hundred dollars. Got a small 9x12 tent and had all our stuff sent down to Harlem by freight. Freight moved sooner in those days so I soon got to Harlem and within an hour from the time I landed there we had the tent up and were doing business. That tent was pitched about where the Rasmussen saloon is now. I slept under the counter which was a plank I had brought with me. I took in about $28 the first day and had a little trouble with my partner and bought him out. I put up a log cabin 12x18 and that was the first store in the place. Next year I built a store 24x30.

Al Cecil had a saloon about where Phil Buckley is now. He was the man who took up the land on which the town is but he never made anything out of it. By that time we had four boxcars for a depot. I was the first postmaster and the postoffice was a shoe carton. Everybody came in and looked to see if there was anything for him and no questions asked. I improved a little on that as I took a beer box and made it into an office and it was much better as it had natural pigeon holes. Still every one acted postmaster. We soon got so we were allowed to handle postal money notes. These looked like a meal ticket and ran from one cent to four dollars and ninety-nine cents. Then we got the money order.

The first hotel was run by W. R. Sands with a store. C. H. Barton came from Chinook and was a partner for some time to later buy him out. The first school was taught by Martha Matherson. The school was down along the tracks opposite Mike Buckley's. This was in 1892. In the summer of 1892 they built a school which is now Saddler's Hall, owned by me. It then stood north and south. That and my store were the only buildings, except Tom Everett's cabin on this side of the track. The first white woman was Mrs. John Manning. Next white family was Sands. My daughter was the second child born, her name is Hazel."

Harlem today is quite a place and one of the best little towns in Northern Montana. Two banks, one good hotel, four lumber yards, four elevators, three large feed stables and several stores. I can not name them all and it would hardly be fair to mention some and not all.

There are some well known characters around the little burg that one is sure to meet if he goes there. One of them is a large, portly gentleman who wears a star and will sure capture you if you don't look out. He is called, by all, Daddy, and while not the father of his country he would like to be.

Then there is my friend Lon Ellis who looks like he was always hungry but he isn't because he and "Daddy" often go bear hunting up in the mountains and always take something along so that they will not have to tighten their belts too often, as they were never known to kill anything and have never been able to find anything in their hunting except "dead soldiers." And if you went to Harlem and did not find Bill Hart and Jack Saddler trying to string some one it would be because they are dead. Yet, all the same they are good fellows and I like them. Of course you can't help meeting Bill Reed and Earnest Ekegren because they are trying to get a corner on business, and deserve to, as they are rustlers; when I say that I don't mean cattle thieves.

Then there is Charlie Kemp who actually thinks he knows where there is some homestead land left and would locate you if he had to do so by sneaking you over the line into Canada. Who is that classy looking young fellow who is going over to John Rancelers' picture show? Why that is Schultz. And that fine looking little fellow that you see crossing the street to guy some one in Jess Angstman and the fellow who has just run across is Jay Rhoades looking for mavericks. Taken all in all they are a pretty decent bunch that in some way, past finding out, have managed to stay out of the "Pen."

CHAPTER V.

Prospecting and Mining in Blaine County.

It is an actual fact that the discovery of gold in the Little Rockies is clouded to such an extent that, probably, no one will ever be able to say: "I knew the man."

The writer, in his search for truth, has found only conflicting statements. That William Hamilton's party was the first authentic one concerning which we have heard there can be no doubt. This was in 1868. "Bill" Bent was one of this party and he tells their experience in quite an interesting way in the story of his life which will be found in its proper place in this work.

That any one else came until 1884, when actual placer mining began, Bent does not know, though he says: "I heard that some men who had been mining in some of the Western camps got off a boat, went to the Little Rockies and were never heard of again."

The writer can only give the different versions as they have come to him but it will be too readily seen that it is not authentic history. The story of Harry Rash came first to the writer and it may or may not be true. I have no reason for believing that it is anything but true as in a conversation with Charles Smith, one of the first men to mine in that section, I asked if he knew who discovered the gold in the Little Rockies and he replied that he did not. He said: "I have always understood that 'Dutch' Louis and Pike Landusky and some other man found it." Harry Rash said that he was with "Dutch Louis" and Pike Landusky and that he (Rash) found it. Daddy Minugh says that "It is a cinch that Frank Aldrich was the man who found the gold in the Little Rockies."

Now, if you go to Chinook for information of the early days of the cow country, which means the Milk River section, the Bear's Paw and Little Rockies, as well as the story of the peculiar class of people that once builded their homes among the Bad Lands of the Missouri, you will be told to see "Billy Skillen" the sage of Old Fort Belknap. As we were in Chinook we went to see "Billy." Here is his story.

Discovery of Gold in the Little Rockies.

"On the third of July, 1884, Bill McKinzie stole 'Spud' Murphey's horse down on the Missouri river and started for Ft. Maginnis, 65 miles away. Lee Scott at Rocky Point started to look for McKinzie and the blue mare. The report of the theft got to the cowboys and they caught McKinzie, close to Maginnis, shot him and hung him on a big cottonwood tree about

one mile and one-half below the Fort on Hancock creek. About the Fourth of July there was some trouble at the races over betting between a white man and a breed. "Rattlesnake" knocked the breed down and made him apologize and give back the money. They rode into town (Lewistown) tied their horses in front of a saloon and went in and got a drink. When they came out, the citizens opened fire on them and "Rattlesnake" and one innocent man were killed. From this time on the strangling of horse thieves and road agents started throughout (Northern) Montana and the Missouri river.

" 'Dutch Louis' ran a ranch on Crooked creek where these men (toughs) would stop, going from the Missouri back and forth. Suspicion fell on Louis. He, getting afraid, left his ranch and went into the Little Rockies with Pike Landusky and Frank Aldrich. They prospected for gold and found some in a creek which they named Alder. When they found gold Pike left to carry the news, coming through what was after Landusky, to North Moccasin to Maiden, giving his friends the news that gold had been discovered in the Little Rockies. Mat Foley, Sport Welsh, Denton Doer(?), Billy Leg and William Skillen left that night for Maiden to outfit with grub, lumber and so forth (George Herendeen sold this lumber to them) and with other parties, Willard Duncan, Clois Steadman and Tony McFarlin went down to Crooked creek, the Missouri river and to the Little Rockies.

"A mining district was organized and Willard Duncan was elected Recorder. This was the first discovery of gold in the Little Rockies. No sign of other work ever having been done was found by them in the Little Rockies. (Frank Aldrich says that they were not the ones who found gold in the Rockies as there was a pit 100 by 150 feet that showed that mining had been done years before.) It was first suspected that this was what was known as the lost Key's diggings.

"There must have been two thousand men in there that fall as they came from every place on that stampede. Right after the talk of big discovery, soldiers were ordered from Ft. Assinniboine to investigate the conditions there and report to the department. They were under the command of Captain Potter of the Eighteenth Infantry. He notified the miners that they could stay there until such time as a report was made on the conditions but that no liquor could be brought in as it was an Indian reservation. Under the first investigation of the soldiers there, the first pit was opened in Alder Gulch, the discovery running about one dollar to the pan, on bedrock. (The writer was told that in order to show the Captain that there was pay dirt some one 'Salted the

ground.' As to that the writer could not get Skillen to say.) The department ordered a detachment of soldiers, under the leadership of Scott, from Ft. Maginnis to be stationed at Rocky Point to keep order and supervise the reservation.

"The heaviest gold found on the Little Rockies was found at the mouth of Alder Gulch, on a high rim, by "Nigger" Shelby. Quite a little money was taken out at this point. The heaviest piece of gold found in the Little Rockies was found by William Skillen. This nugget weighed a little more than eighty-three dollars. It came from Rock creek and was valued at seventeen dollars an ounce. This nugget was sold for one hundred dollars.

"Gold quartz was discovered in the Little Rockies, in Montana gulch, by Pike Landusky. The first lead was discovered, The August, by Bob Orman. There was also some small quantities of galena in the creek beds." That is Billy Skillen's account of the mines as he saw them in the Little Rockies. Men depend too much on memory and do not think that some time they will be called on for facts.

After the reader had gone through all that is recorded he will find the story of the discovery of gold in the Little Rockies of a contradictory nature. Why it is that people become impressed with a thing as a fact that is more than half fiction, I do not know, but several have given me a story of the finding of gold in this part of Montana. None of them were under oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as one who is trying to gather facts and information for history can not afford to try and get his material in that way, as men from whom he was expecting facts would rebel if one even suspected they were careless in their statements. As the lands where the gold was discovered was on an Indian reservation no one would have a right to stay there. If it could be made to appear that the values were sufficient to prove that this ground could be made to produce more as mineral ground than it could for Indian sustenance then the Government allows the whites to remain in charge. When the soldiers came there to make their investigation, the miners, so I have been told (see above) salted the ground on bedrock so that it would appear to carry more value than it really had. Be that as it may the miners were allowed to stay and that part of the mountain range south of the summit was thrown open so that no more conflicts could occur as to the invading of the Indian rights by the whites.

The bad lands of the Missouri, in those days, were more or less the homes of many who could lay no claim to right living. These men had come as buffalo hunters, traders, wolvers or what not and many of them had become free-lances who could see no

particular use for law and order as they had done something some time or some where to throw them beyond the pale. Some of them became rustlers and made havoc among the big herds of cattle that had taken the place of the vast herds of buffalo that had so recently been wiped from the face of the earth by these same hunters. Of course not all of these hunters and wolvers could be considered bad men because some of the finest men on the frontier helped to slay the Indian's food supply.

There were enough of them, however, who did not believe in the property rights of others and these were the ones who made it necessary to form a vigilance committee under the leadership of Granville Stuart and Reece Anderson. These two men were old pioneers of Western Montana who had passed through a period of outlawry, in the early sixties, when it had become absolutely necessary to form a band of valiant men to safeguard the rights of men who could not protect themselves from a band of men who had made the Western part of the state an unsafe place until they were exterminated.

While this is not a part of the chapter on mining in the county it was owing to the peculiar conditions of outlawry that at that time existed that caused the gold to be found in the Little Rockies if "Billy" Skillen is right.

It does seem too bad that we cannot get the truth of things that happened not more than fifty years ago. Chris Keyes and John Lepley found the first gold in what was to become Lewis and Clark county. It was found at Silver Creek in 1864. This same man Keyes is the one that Skillen mentions as the man that might have found the first gold in the Little Rockies as it is known that he had written to Lepley to drop all he had and come. It was not long after this that we find he was killed down on the Missouri when on his way to the claim he had written to Lepley about.

A noted character of the plains and mountains, Cyprienne Matt, some one tells, heard that J. M. Arnoux, Tom Haley and another man found gold in the Little Rockies in 1866.

While Skillen may be right as to dates, it is a fact that the first news given to the world of discovery of gold was September 3rd, 1884. And that "Dutch Louis" was the man, according to most reports.

Frank Aldrich had come a few days after Louis. He went to Ft. Assinniboine for grub and Louis panned, while he was gone (two weeks and two days) One Hundred and Nine Dollars.

Bob Main and Charlie Smith and "Dutch Louis" and Frank Aldrich were the first to begin sluicing and took out as much as $20 per day to the man.

Frank Aldrich's Story.

"When and under what circumstances was the discovery made?" was the question put to Aldrich by the reporter on The River Press of Benton. "We struck it on the 15th day of June. Charlie Brown and myself were prospecting the little Rockies and came upon Louis Meyers or "Dutch Louis" in this gulch. He had found good indications but had not prospected the gulch well. We proposed to crosscut the gulch working together, and did so. We found two channels where good prospects were got. On bedrock where we worked we got as high as $3.50 to the pan and it averaged 25 cents. There is five feet of solid gravel that will average a bit to the pan. (The discovery claim was set aside for Aldrich, Brown and Louie.) We were not the first to find gold there as near the mouth of the gulch there was a pit 100 by 150 that had evidently been sluiced out years before." This discovery was made on Beauchamp's creek.

Generally when gold is discovered the news travels very rapidly. That it did not get out in this particular case is because of the fact that those fellows had no right in there prospecting as it was an Indian reservation. The Government had learned that when the prospector finds gold he will have it no matter where it may be located so as soon as they could they threw open that particular portion of the reservation as it would be much the wisest thing to do. Had they attempted to have driven the whites out would have resulted in too much expense.

Quartz was soon found and the quartz mining began to take up the attention of many of the people and large mills for the reduction of the ore was soon in operation. Some of them did not prove of any value till some new process was learned so that some of the largest mills for the reduction of gold ore in the United States are now to be found in the Little Rockies as a result of Dutch Louie's trying to hide out from the vigilantes.

Bear Paw Mountains.

It is not many miles from the Little Rockies to these mountains, so men tried to find both placer and quartz in them.

We find in a report by Leon J. Pepperberg, the following: "The placer deposits of the Bear Paw Mountains are of very little importance, although some coarse gold has been recovered by panning and crude sluice methods from the small gravel bars occurring along the drainage ways throughout the group. Since the early seventies prospectors have searched the mountains for lode deposits, and although several pieces of promising looking float which were reported as having been picked up within the district were brought to Havre and Chinook, no vein of value



ST. PAUL'S MISSION.

was discovered until about 1888. (V. Bogy says the lead was first found in '78 by Lloyd.) In 1888 work was begun on an argentiferous galena vein about three miles southeast of Lloyd postoffice, by a number of Chinook business men.

Development was continued for several years and according to L. V. Bogy, of Chinook, who is interested in the property, about seven tons sorted ore was shipped to Great Falls for treatment. The claim was patented in 1892 and since that time nothing has been done with it.

In 1906 Steven Randall discovered a vein of supposed copper ore about three-fourths of a mile southeast of Clear Creek P. O. Immediately after the discovery the Copper Gulch Mining Company was formed of Chinook men, to sink on the claims Randall found. The shaft sunk on the site of the original discovery showed the vein to carry values in lead, silver, gold and copper and as a result of this showing much prospecting was done during 1906 and 1907 along the tributaries of Cleark creek, especially around the head of White Pine Canyon. The district is not a producer at the present time."

The veins that carry gold in the Bear Paw mountains are very thin so far as known. There may be at some time values opened up in that section. The leads of the Little Rockies have been large and valuable because of that fact.

CHAPTER VI.

The Church in Blaine County.

The writer has been very fortunate in being able to find in Father Eberschweiler, of Havre, one who has the early story of the Catholic Church of Blaine County, as far as the records show, well in hand. We quote from a letter from the Father the following: "Father De Smet was the first missionary who traveled through the country in which the Assinniboines and Gros Ventres lived, and through which Cree half-breeds, of Canada, roamed in their extensive buffalo hunts. Then Father Point visited those Indians in passing. Father Giorda came from Fort Benton to them for only a few weeks before Easter, 1862, and baptized 134, mostly children; after which he had to leave for work in the far west.

"Under President Grant the missionary work for the Indians of the United States was divided among the missionaries of diverse beliefs. Under that order each reservation was exclusively confided to a certain denomination. The care of the large Ft. Kelknap Reserve was given to the Methodist preachers, none

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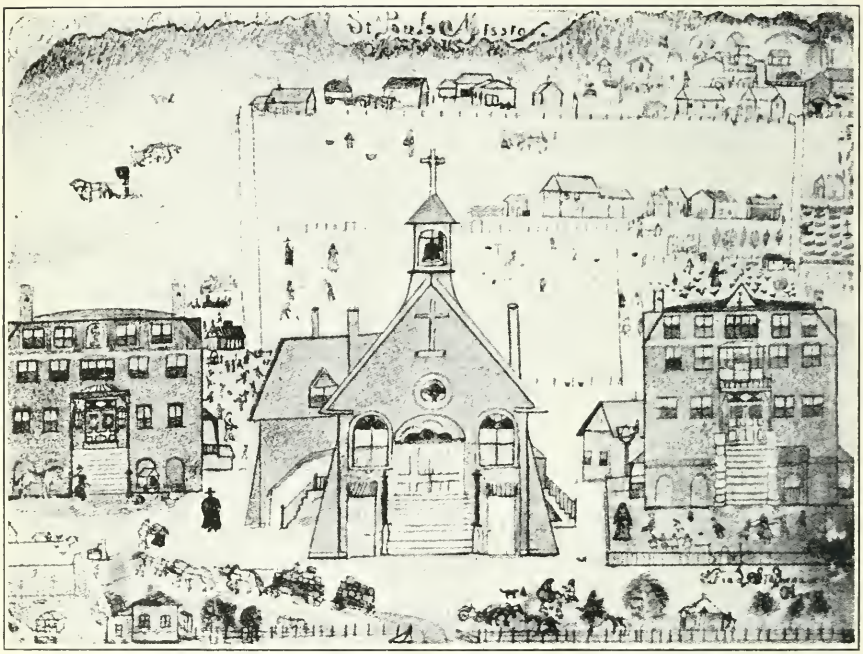
of whom ever came to do any work. Nevertheless the Jesuit Fathers were forbidden to reside in the reservation or do any missionary work among its Indians. Anyhow some Fathers came from the St. Peter's Mission, the headquarters of East Montana, to visit the hunting Cree half-breeds. On one of these visits Father Philip Rapaglio became sick and died on the 7th of February, 1877, at a place near the present railroad station, Zurich. This place is marked by a cross and now called "Priest Point." He was buried in the basement of the Jesuit Church of the Sacred Heart, the first church in Helena, which became the cathedral of the first Bishop of Montana, Right Rev. J. B. Brondel, when he arrived at the end of August, 1883. Father Grassi visited the half-breed Crees, 1879; Father Damian till 1883; Father Bandini, 1884.

"At the end of August, 1883, Father Fredrick Hugo Eberschweiler, S. J., came from Burlington, Iowa, to Helena; he was attached to St. Peter's Mission and appointed to be the first resident priest to which belonged a very large district. At one of his visits to the garrison, Fort Assinniboine, Indians told him that they greatly wished that a mission be founded for them. The Father wrote to President Cleveland asking the permission to erect a mission and school buildings on the reservation belonging to the Fort Belknap Agency. On the first of November, 1885, he received the official letter granting the request.

"The exclusive distribution of Indian missions to special sects was no longer upheld. He went to the Fort Belknap Agency, showed his official letter to the Indian Agent, Lincoln, made arrangements with the Indian trader, Thos. O'Hanlon, to build there a log cabin which, for a time, could be a priest's residence and a chapel. Mr. O'Hanlon was always a most generous friend of the missionary until he (O'Hanlon) died.

"On the eighth of December, 1885, Father Eberschweiler occupied the erected building, which was the first mission house and church of any kind ever erected in the Fort Belknap reservation. During the winter his chief occupation was to learn the Assinniboine language with the gratuitous help of Mr. William Bent, the Indian interpreter, and to compose an Indian catechism and to teach the children, who came from the Agency school, to his chapel, to say and sing prayers.

"The Indians wished that their permanent mission should be built in the Little Rockies, a sub-agency nearby, as many of the Indians wished to settle near there. Their missionary formulated their petition, to which their Chiefs subscribed, and sent it to the President. Senator Vest recommended it to Congress, which favorably received it; all to be settled in a treaty to be made.



ST. PAUL'S MISSION.

Drawing made 1911 by Indian boy 12 years of age.

"On the first of May, 1886, the missionary went to the Little Rockies and selected for the mission the place on Peoples creek where it comes out of the woody mountains into a beautiful valley. He then traveled to Fort Benton to find a contractor and workmen for the erection of the mission buildings. Meanwhile a war between the Balknap Indians and the Canadian tribe of Bloods had started and no man would come into their land and expose his scalp to be taken by either of the warring tribes. It was also not possible to get the material for the buildings. The Great Northern railroad was not yet built, nor Great Falls.

"In summer time steamers brought all kinds of articles up the Missouri river from St. Louis to Fort Benton, from where they were freighted to other places in Montana and Canada. There was no surplus of lumber nor did any freighter like to come to a country of warring Indians.

"Father Eberschweiler returned to the Little Rockies, where he found some gold miners. He made a contract with Mr. Umstet to erect, with the help of his companions, large log buildings for a residence for the missionary, a church, school and dwellings for pupils and Sisters. The necessary lumber was ordered and it arrived in the summer of the next year, 1887. The work was begun; logs were cut in the near woods, the foundation and basement was built. The corner stone was laid on the fifteenth of September, 1886. The work was stopped unfinished before winter. During the winter of 1886 and 1887 Father Eberschweiler remained at Fort Belknap.

"From January 18 to January 23, 1887, Indian commissioners from Washington made a treaty with the Indians by which the lines of the present reservation were defined and their petition regarding the Little Rockies agreed to and the selected place for the future mission given to the Jesuit Fathers. Father Eberschweiler subscribed to the treaty as witness. That summer the Belknap tribes and the Bloods smoked the 'Pipe of Peace.' The mission buildings were, little by little, finished on the 15th day of September, just one year from the day when we started.

"Father Eberschweiler traveled with some Ursuline Sisters from St. Peter's Mission and some Indian pupils to St. Paul's Mission and occupied its first mission buildings.

"The successors of Father Eberschweiler built, in the course of time, large stone buildings for the flourishing mission."

Fredrick Hugo Eberschweiler, S. J., was a native of Prussia, Germany. He was born at Waxweiler, in the beautiful Rhine province, on the 19th day of June, 1839. He pursued his studies in the college at Treves, entered the Society of Jesus on the 30th day of September, 1858. He was ordained a priest on the 15th day of June, 1870. When the war broke out

between Germany and France he was a hospital chaplain. He came to America in August, 1872, worked in Cleveland and Toledo, Ohio; Burlington, Iowa, and finally in Montana and is at this date (December, 1916) at Havre, Montana.

The St. Paul's mission is in a beautiful cover, or amphitheater, at the northwestern base of the Little Rockies, and was built for the education of the Fort Belknap Indian children. The place selected is one of great natural beauty on Peoples creek where it emerges from the canyon.

The main buildings are of stone and in good repair. The church is stone and the entire ceiling is covered with paintings. They may not be works of art of the highest kind but the themes were chosen from and help tell in pictures, much of the story of the Bible. To the American Indian this means more than written word could ever convey as they were adepts in picture writing. If not adepts it was their way of conveying their thoughts other than spoken language or the sign.

That the Jesuit Fathers had any other desire than the upbuilding of their church and the wish to assist the Red Man to become civilized is not my business to find out. That they have tried to reach out and preach the doctrines of their church to all nations is a certain thing. That many of the brightest and most highly educated of their belief have lived lives of unselfishness must be the verdict of those who may be in no way associated with them and may not at all believe as they do.

Certainly many good and true men and women have assumed the mantle of chastity and celibacy to teach what they believe to be for the best interests of mankind.

They have poled their boats up the swollen rivers of the west; they have driven the light birch canoe across the wild, but beautiful, lakes of the east; they have urged their dog teams across the frozen tracks of the north; and sent their best men in to the fever-stricken sections of the south; but here in Blaine County, Montana, and beneath the pine-clad summits of the Little Rockies they would meet with no particular hardships and could bend their knees in grateful thanksgiving to their Father in Heaven for the particular blessings He has bestowed upon them.

The mission proper consists of the large stone church above mentioned and two four-story stone buildings, one for the boys and the other for the girls. About forty of each sex, boys and girls, find a home at the place. Father Boll was in charge at the time the writer was there, December, 1916. Father Dinier is the Missionary. Both of these men are French, and no doubt highly educated.

Besides the buildings mentioned there are shops, stables, outbuildings and a nicely arranged and well-kept farm.



REV. FATHER EBERSCHWEILER.
Founder of St. Paul's Mission and a Grand Old Man.

Sister Josephine has been longer at the mission than any other person.

Sister Eulalia has charge of the girls' school and Mr. I. Nicholson, of San Francisco, is trying to instill into the minds of the boys the right way of living that has been prescribed for those who must now travel the white man's road. These boys do not learn too readily, so the teacher said.

Connected with the mission is a trained nurse, who has her home in the little cottage which is used for guests.

As above mentioned this is a most beautiful location for a church, school or ranch. It was first occupied by Col. Healy, now of Lodge Pole, who had selected it as a place for his residence. He sold his cabin to the Fathers and went to another place on the reservation as he, having an Indian wife, was granted that privilege.

Father Eberschweiler's attention was called to the place by William Bent, who was well acquainted with all of the Milk River country. It was to Bent that the father had to go to get some one who could help him translate the English into the Assinniboine language.

Father Eberschweiler was one who had the appearance of a man who had tried to live as he had preached. His was a most benign countenance, full of the milk of human kindness which impressed me with his sincerity.

Just a short distance up the creek from the mission is a most beautiful natural bridge which should be seen by any passing that way or who visit the mission.

Rev. Peter Thompson.

The Catholics are not the only ones who are trying to upbuild the Indian character in a religious way. Over near Big Warm is the home of Mr. Thompson, a half-breed, who is giving up his life to the advancement of his people. He is a Presbyterian and has a nice little church which has the appearance of being well cared for. We were not fortunate enough to meet this gentleman though we called at his place. These are the only places on the reservation where there are houses of religious instruction.

As mentioned by Father Eberschweiler the reservation was given over, under President Grant, to the Methodists. There were but few preachers of that denomination in Montana in those early days and they were in the mines and not on the outskirts of civilization as were the priests of the Catholic church. There was but little chance that the ministers of the Methodist church would be able to go among the Indians with as small a possibility

of being killed as the Jesuits, as the priests of that denomination had been for years among the Red man and had taught them to have respect, more or less, at least, for the Cross, which was worn by them as an insignia that was so well known that the Indians had respect for those who wore it. The preachers of other denominations did not wear this badge of honor hence could not as well protect themselves from the cupidity of the Red Man.

The Cree half-breeds who came to the Milk river as early as 1865 had their priests with them. These people came from Canada and with them (while they were prosperous, as Louis Shambrow tells us) their priests. He said: "These fathers were the most prosperous ones that were in the camps during the days when the buffalo robes were most plenty but as soon as the hunters became poor the priests no longer came." I suppose as long as men live we will have imposters. It may have been that those so called priests who followed the fortunes of the buffalo hunter were only there for the purpose of getting wealth from their ignorant people. This is not really a digression but as an explanation why the ministers of the other denominations did not get out among these peculiar people.

We find that the next man to try to reach the people with the Word was "Brother Van." Now we have known Brother Van Orsdel for years and feel that he thought he had work to do among the whites, in the mining camps and out along the streams where the scattering ranch homes were. They were just as much in need of religion as were the Red Men of the plains. But there is one thing certain and that is that so soon as others came to take his place among those of his first choice he, with his characteristic willingness to do his duty, got down in the cow country and tried to help the cowboys. So we find that his is the first name mentioned in his profession after E.

The first Protestant denomination to begin work on the Milk river was the Methodist, as we find the following from "Bro. Van:" "The first Methodist Episcopal minister to visit Chinook was Dr. W. B. Spencer of the Board of Church extension. This was in July, 1889. He preached and sang in the hotel. The same summer the Rev. Jacob Mills, Presiding Elder of the Bozeman district, preached. At the Annual Conference held in Livingston, July, 1890, the Great Falls District was organized which took in all the country from the summit of the Rocky mountains to the Dakotas, and from the Musselshell to the Canadian line.

"W. W. Van Orsdel was appointed Presiding Elder. There were five preachers in the district. The Presiding Elder came to Chinook in the month of September. He visited the town at different times, and in February, 1891, Rev. George Logan of

Fort Benton accompanied him, and they held a series of meetings for two weeks.

"The church was organized with nine members, as follows: R. D. Perret and wife and their daughter Mabel, Peter Denny and wife, H. D. Riegle and wife, Mrs. Gelder and Mrs. Rainbolt. Bro. Lewis Wilson and family came soon after.

"In July, 1891, the conference, Rev. R. A. Armstrong was appointed pastor at Chinook and Glasgow, being the only Protestant minister in the whole Milk River valley, in fact from Fort Benton to Dakota. It was during his pastorate that the present church site was secured and a subscription was taken, and the church was built. To the best of our knowledge this was the first Protestant church between Great Falls and Dakota. Brother Armstrong served his charge for two years successfully. He was succeeded by the Rev. Thos. Hicks, who remained but one year.

"In August, 1894, Rev. Allen Rogers was appointed pastor of Havre and Chinook. During his successful pastorate a new organ was purchased, and the interior of the church was finished. A gracious revival was held and thirty united with the church. J. A. Martin of Glasgow and Superintendent Van Orsdel assisted the pastor. It was during this meeting that A. W. Hammer, the Cow Boy Preacher, was converted and soon commenced his successful ministry."

The people of Montana have known "Brother Van" for many years and feel that he thought he had work to do among the whites in the mining camps and out along the streams where the scattering ranch homes were. These people were just as much in need of religion as were the Indians of the plains. But there is one thing certain, and that is, that as soon as others came to take his place among those of his first choice he, with his characteristic willingness to do his duty, got down in the "Cow Country" and tried to help the cowboys. So we find by some writer who has not taken time to verify his story that "Bro. Van" was the first one, after Father Eberschweiler, to preach the gospel along the Milk river, but the foregoing account of Brother Van's has given credit where credit is due and the one who wants facts will find them in this chapter on the Church in Blaine County.

Other men who came here to help carry on the work were Rev. Brewer and Revs. Stringfellow and Chrisler of the Episcopal church and Revs. I. N. Roberts, Baird, Mills and Day of the Presbyterian church.

These men did their work well and left behind them the fruits of their labor in the churches and schools that are to be found in convenient places throughout the country.

CHAPTER VII.

Cowboy Days.

It took no stretch of the imagination for one to believe that cattle could be raised to advantage on the northern plains, Milk river, and the mountains adjacent.

The plainsmen, traders, freighters and squaw-men, had seen the actual conditions of each season. The buffalo that had ranged in countless numbers needed grass, and plenty of it, to keep them in good condition. It was known that there were seasons of drought and seasons of plenty of rainfall; that many a winter the snow did not fall and that the Chinook was almost sure to melt the snows, if they came, and give the cattle a chance to live. The years that the snow would fall deep and stay were exceptions.

To begin stock raising on the plains as soon as the whites came would have been suicidal. The buffalo would have destroyed all hopes of success, even though the Indians had not been there to bar the way. Then, again, the mountains and valleys of Western Montana were ideal places in which to raise cattle, horses and, later, sheep, as hardly any snow would fall, to lay, and the settlements precluded any possibility of loss through Indian raids. The rustler had not become, so far as Montana was concerned, a menace. But, in a way, the valleys in the mountains were becoming settled and the stockman, ever being afraid of being crowded, pulled for the eastern and central part of the state as soon as the Indian was no longer on the war-path, as too many whites had come to settle the country for it to be longer safe for him to go on his raids for scalps.

The Judith and Musselshell were to be settled first—as they were known to be less hazardous than the Milk river country. When these sections became over-crowded (?) the stockmen began to look for new pastures; and, as above mentioned, the conditions were known in the Milk river section, they pulled for there with their numerous herds.

As near as I can find out, though, Thomas O'Hanlon and others of the Old Fort Belknap Indian Agency, were the first men to see the possibilities of cattle raising in what is now Blaine county. They could not, however, run them in large herds, as the Indians were apt to get away with them. They had to be closely herded, which is not by any means a good way to raise cattle to any advantage.

This, according to Mr. Joe Mosser, was in 1878. They had permission from the Agent, who had secured the privilege from the Government. Al Shultz became the foreman of this outfit. This was before the post was built at Assinniboine; hence before there was any protection to be had from the soldiers.

The cattle of the O'Hanlon company must, then, be considered as the first to be raised. They were not raised exactly under what might be called range conditions, though they fed on the range.

In 1882 Simon Pepin moved his cattle from their range in the west and Pepin and Broadwater run cattle for years. Louis Shambrow, the noted scout, was one of their cow-punchers.

This must have been the first herd under range conditions as I find that the next cattle to come in were those which belonged to Granville Stuart, Kohrs and Bielenberg and others. They had been running their herds south of the Missouri but got permission from the Government to run them north of the river and on to the reservation in the summer or fall of 1886. Daddy Marsh told the following concerning the moving of the cattle across the Missouri river in 1886. "The season was exceedingly dry and Granville Stuart came to the conclusion that it would be wise to cross them. He got permission from the Government to take them to the reservation near the Little Rockies. The water holes were drying up on the south side so that when the cattle came to the Missouri at Rocky Point they were in misery. There was a big bar of quick sand that ran down quite a ways. I ccalled the foreman's attention to it and told him that he had better station his men to change the course of the herds as they approached the river so that they would not get caught in the trap. Say, you couldn't stop the leaders, as soon as they scented the water they rushed for it and soon hundreds of them were hopelessly entrapped. The boys tried to haul them out with their saddle horses and then hitched their teams but no good was coming from their efforts. Soon a steamboat came along and the Captain thought he could help so he ran out a spar and they dug down and put the rope around the animal and turned their engine loose with the result that they pulled the brute in two and never pulled her feet out of the sand. The boys had to use their six-shooters on the bunch and kill them to put them out of the way. I tell you the half-breeds that were around there had a picnic for days cutting in and getting what meat they could." The winter which followed was one of the most disastrous ever known to the stockmen of the Northwest. Books could be filled with interesting incidents of that winter. Men who had been considered wealthy—not considered, but actually wealthy—came out the next spring without a cent, and some of them in debt. Many were crippled so they never again recovered. They simply lost their nerve and quit. Though the range conditions were never again as bad, and they could have made good, they would not try.

John Bielenberg and Con Kohrs—now men who have all they need—lost all they had. Mr. Bielenberg told the writer that that winter of '86-'87 they lost $400,000 worth of cattle. They had enough with which to pay all their debts and as they were noted for their ability to rustle and also a knowledge of cattle and range conditions they were extended credit by A. J. Davis, the rich banker and mining man of Butte, and got on their feet once more.

Mr. Kohrs told the writer the following concerning that transaction: "My experience in the stock business savers somewhat of the romantic. I was a green German boy when I came to Montana. I was trying to get out of the territory and go west. I was camped on the Deer Lodge river and was waiting for the party to pull out when something occurred to change all my plans. I had learned something about the butcher business as a boy and thought I could make a living at that. While we were camped on the Deer Lodge a man had a beef to kill and asked if I had ever done anything of the kind. I at once told him I was sure I could do the job and he told me to turn myself loose. The pay that I was to receive was the head and neck. Now I want to explain to you that we had been living on short rations for some time and I was hungry and when that head was cut off I am ashamed to say it had the longest neck I ever saw on a cow brute, as it was cut off pretty well down toward the tail. Soon after I had finished this artistic job, a man who was to be somewhat noted in the story of Montana, Hank Crawford, came along and learning that I was a butcher(?) told me he would give me $25 per month and board if I would go to Bannack and work for him. Now twenty-five dollars was not much money in those days and that did not appeal to me but that word board was the one that made me consider his offer and take it, as I had not had enough to eat for days. I was a very able-bodied man in those days and did not know what tired meant but I was soon to learn it in all of its variations. That fellow Crawford must have sized me up for an animal of some kind, probably an ass, as the work first assigned me was surely some job. He had bought three wild heifers of some one on Cottonwood (the creek where the City of Deer Lodge is now) and helped me take them out a few miles and then told me that I was to take them to Bannack, a place that I had never seen. (He had asked me where my butcher tools were and I rustled a butcher knife and a hatchet and borrowed a hand-saw from a friend. These were well wrapped up and put in a wagon that some one was taking with them to the mines.) When he turned me loose with those heifers they were in no frame of mind to give me much trouble because there were no other stock in sight. When I got the other side of

Dempsy creek the baby cows saw a band of cattle that belonged to Bob Dempsy and they took for them as fast as they could go. The weather was hot and the exercise, which I did not need, caused me to get mighty warm. The fact is I was d——d hot in both mind and body. I chased those heifers and that band of stock all over those hills trying to cut them out. It seemed to me to be a useless expenditure of muscle and wind as it did not seem to do any good. All at once I saw a man going by on horse-back and I called his attention to my trouble and asked him if he wouldn't use his pony to help those heifers change their minds and get them strung out on the road to Bannack as it seemed that I was about to run my legs off without accomplishing anything. Sure I was a foot! That was what I meant when I said that Hank must have taken me for some kind of an animal.

"I afterward learned that the gentleman who helped me change the minds of those brutes and get them strung out on the road again, was Dr. Glick. He cut them out and helped me for a few miles and then rode on his way. It was one hundred and twenty miles from Cottonwood to Bannack. We came by the Big Hole and forded the river near the place where Brown's Bridge was afterward built. This was the first place where I could rest. I laid down thinking that the cattle would be tired enough to rest for a while at least. I know that I had only been asleep but a short time when I missed the heifers. I started on the back trail and caught them before they could cross the river. This was enough to satisfy me that they needed more exercise and that my only hope was to keep them going. I got after them and hazed them right along and when within a few miles of Bannack Hank came out and met me and they were soon placed where they could not run any more. I had made the 120 miles in about 36 hours. I only worked for him for one month at $25 per month, as he soon found out I could keep his books so he raised me to $100. I worked for him for some time and came to the conclusion to go into business for myself. I saw several of the miners and got them to loan me some money with which to buy a starter in the business. Some one had several steers for sale and I bought them with the borrowed money. I turned them out up the Grasshopper just above town and that night they were run off by the Indians or some one else and I had to begin over again. The miners from whom I had borrowed the money knew the shape I was in and they asked me what I intended to do and I told them they must loan me some more in order to give me a chance to make something to pay them what I had first borrowed. They were nice fellows who were making money and they kindly helped me again.

"When they discovered the mines at Alder I went there and began the business. Every time I could find steers for sale I got them and was a big cattle man in a very short while. I bought the John Grant ranch in '66 and with it about 600 head of cattle, probably the largest herd in Montana in those days. This gave us headquarters until we got more than we could handle to advantage in the Deer Lodge country so we had to change our base and look to the range in the central and eastern part of the Territory. A lot of us who had been in the business for years soon found that the Judith was well adapted to stock raising so we sent many of our cattle to that section. One soon expands on the range, that is, he soon allows his herds to scatter into the places where the best grass is to be had. It was in that way that we got several miles east of the Judith country by the season of 1886. The grass being better on the north side of the Missouri we got permission from the Government to put our cattle on the Belknap reservation. That winter we made such a big losing that we were broke. I met A. J. Davis one day and he said: 'Con, I hear that you have met with some heavy losses this past winter, how is it?' I replied that we had, but that we had enough to pay all we owed.' He then said: 'There is $100,000 to your credit in this bank so you can start in the stock business as soon as you want.' This was a surprise to me that the judge should offer us a credit without solicitation on our part, so I asked him how long the offer would hold good. I did not have any definite plan in my head as to what I wanted to do. I soon came to the conclusion to go to Oregon and look over the situation. I soon found that I could spend the $100,000 and as much more in what looked good to me. I wired Davis what I thought and asked for an additional $100,000. His reply was to do what ever I saw for the best. I had no sooner spent that money than I found where I could use $60,000 more and so wired him. To make my story short the judge allowed me to use that also. When I returned to Montana I owed him $260,000. I will say that that credit for which I had not asked came to us in time to help us make a success in the stock business. I had lived so long in Montana that Mr. Davis knew I had always met all of my obligations."

The man who would have the nerve to attempt to drive three head of wild range cattle on foot for over one hundred miles had nerve enough to get out from under almost any serious load.

The ordinary cowboy would never have started on such a trip. He would have invited Hank to or directed him to a most decidedly disagreeable climate and gone off disgusted to think that anyone took him for such a fool as to even try such an almost impossible feat.

All cow men know how hard it is to drive two or three cattle any place. In the large herd they will stay together and, even though one happens to stray a little to one side, the main herd goes on and the stray can be brought back without any serious trouble. Take three head and if they do not stay together, and they are not apt to, there is all kinds of hard feelings in the cowboy's mind toward that little outfit. One will go one way, probably the other two in another direction, or the three may make up their minds to go in three different directions at the same time, while the cowboy is sure that there is only one way at a time that he can go. After the cattle have acted in this way for some time there is only one place where the cowboy wishes them to be and that is a place where the barbecue is certain and where they will no longer bother him. It recalls to the writer's mind a little thing that occurred at his ranch one day. One of his sons was trying to cut out a saddle horse from a band of fifty horses and take it to the corral. He was having a whole lot of trouble. Wm. Montgomery, the big ranchman of the Big Hole, was looking on and he said: "That boy of yours puts me in mind of a hired man I had on my ranch. I sent him out after a saddle horse and he began just as the boy is doing, to cut the horse out and bring it in alone. He was not successful. He came and reported and I asked him why he did not bring the whole band in? He turned on me with disgust depicted in his face and said: 'How in hell can you bring in a whole band when it is d——d hard to bring in one'?"

The brand of Kohrs was the D-S. The foreman was John R. Smith. They had their headquarters on Dry Beaver at the east end of the Little Rockies. The circle C, Bob Coburn, came from the same section and located not far from Kohrs. Horace Brewster was in charge of their stuff. Henry Seiben came about the same time with Frank Arnett as foreman.

The Bearpaw pool came in 1891 with L. B. Taylor, now Senator from Blaine county, as foreman.

Charlie Williams came with the Shonkin pool about the same time.

"Si" Gamble came with the Tom Crain outfit in '89.

It did not take long to take up the range, that is, all that was outside of the reservation. Thousands of cattle were finding plenty to eat, and big frisky calves were growing and getting fat to become toppers, as steers, on the Chicago market. Hundreds of cowboys and cowmen roamed all over Northern Montana clear to the Canadian line. Wagons would start in the spring and the boys would gather and brand the calves, then the beef herd was to be gathered in the fall and taken to market.

The getting of the steers to the railroad some times required days and even weeks. Of course weeks when men from Montana had to drive their stock to Cheyenne to load in those times before we had railroads in this country. To take cattle that distance required care, as they must take on flesh and not lose any. The way that could be done was to allow them to drift in the direction they were to go and their ordinary travel to fill would take them the required distance toward their destination for the day.

The fording of streams that must be crossed was not the easiest thing in the world. When such streams as the Yellowstone are at their high times it is no fun to swim a bunch of cattle and get your outfit over in safety. One man told me that it took them three days once to cross the Yellowstone with a herd of Con Kohrs' cattle and that eighty-three head were drowned in the attempt.

On these trips there was the night herd to be stood. It might be very easy pastime or it might, before morning, spell tragedy to some of the cowboys who might be mixed in a stampede. But it was a life the boys liked.

I recall a little story that was told me by Nick Bielenberg. "Quite a number of years ago I bought some cattle of Granville Stuart. We had to move them across the country to the railroad. Granville was along with the outfit but as far as making a hand was concerned he was no good. He was always a great fellow to read. He thought it would be a good thing to take a whole lot of books for the cowpunchers' enjoyment. Darned if I know how many he had, but anyway a sack full. The way those cowboys would tackle those books was a caution. They would come into camp and pick up a book and the cook would holler 'Grub Pile' till he was red in the face and he could never get all those fellows to come at the same time. Just as soon as a fellow would drop a book some other galoot would grab it. The cook called me aside one day and told me he was going to quit as the boys thought more of Granville's books than they did of his grub. It would never do to lose a good cook at that time in the game and I told him not to say anything and I would see that they would cause him no more trouble. It was the next day that we arrived at the Yellowstone so I gathered up the books and threw them into the river, thus starting the first circulating library ever known in Montana."

Many an amusing incident took place in the cattle shipping days. Some of the things would not bear repeating. A cowboy, or several, if the train was a long one, would need to be along to see that the cattle were not injured. When stock got down in the car there was a chance that they would be tramped to death. Care was required at all times to keep them on their feet. If an

animal was lying down in a natural way there would be no danger unless it was so lying that it might be in the way and upset some of its fellows and thus make a pile-up. There are many things to do in such cases but it is not part of this story to try to educate those who do not know how to ship cattle to market.

After the boys got to market they would take in the town and have a little innocent fun. If there was a one who was green along it was up to them to see that he became wise to all that was to be known.

There was a character in the range days of Montana known to all Montana people either by sight or by name, "Two Dot" Wilson. He was one of the big stockmen in the state but he was the most careless man as to his appearance known in the country.

One season he made a shipment to Chicago and sold his steers. The cowboys thought that they would have some fun at the old man's expense so, as they were walking up the street they met a policeman and told him that the old man coming behind them was a vag as he had just asked them for money to eat on. When Two Dot came up the police said "Come with me." Wilson wanted to know why, but was told not to talk back that he would know why soon enough. He went along with the officer till he got to a bank where he did business and asked the gentleman in whose custody he was if he could go in. For some reason he was allowed to go into the bank and he walked up to the cashier's window and said: "Can I get a check cashed here?" "Why, certainly, Mr. Wilson, you have about thirty thousand dollars to your credit, how much do you want?" "D——— if I know how much this S———, pointing to the policeman, wants." It is needless to say that the man was somewhat taken aback and would have given quite a lot to have found the cowboys who had given him a "bum steer."

But to return to the days of the range; the line riding in winter, on cold and disagreeable days, was something that would try men's souls. The life of the cowboy was by no means a picnic.

It was a life that had much of the hum-drum in it as well as the moments of fun and excitement. The class of men who followed it were not much different than the ordinary ones, whom we meet on the frontier. The writer has been all his life from early boyhood a cowman, a ranchman, if you will. He never saw the peculiar class of people of whom the story writers tell.

The fact is the cowboy was almost human, as will be seen today, if you will try to get next to him and not be afraid.

In the last legislature, in Montana, we had Senators John Edwards, L. B. Taylor, Meadors, Featherly and McCone. It

is said that you could actually approach these men and talk to them without having your hand on your gun. These men were noted cowboys and cowmen. Even the late Governor of Wyoming, now Senator, John B. Kendrick, was a cowboy.

They can even run autos and dance the Turkey Trot with the good-looking girls who most do congregate at Helena when the legislature is in session (at least some of them can), and have not killed any one for such a long time that if you were to ask them when their last great scrap came off they might even lie to you and tell you they never killed a man.

But I will tell you this, these same men—men who are at the heads of affairs in Montana could, had they have wished, in those range days when they were working as hard as men can work, for "cattle punching" was hard work—could have taken time to have thought up, and had brains with which things could have been invented, to make the tenderfoot story-hunter see many things that were the exceptions rather than the rule.

When you take into consideration that Charlie Russell, the great cowboy artist; Frank Linderman, the poet and author; Wallace Coburn, the movie picture actor, and Senator B. D. Phillips, the foot-racer, cowman, politician, sheepman and millionaire miner, were all cowboys at some time in their lives, you can see that you could, had you been at all susceptible, stung by some of the original dope they could have mixed for you.

If these fellows didn't suit you, tackle young Dr. Treacy of Helena, Chub Reed of the Big Flat, Jay Rhodes of Harlem, George Barrows of Chinook, Bob Stuart of the Reservation or Frank Landon and Tommy Flynn of the P. & O. bunch. Stung, yes, so badly that you could not tell the truth again if you saw it coming up the road in less than nothing.

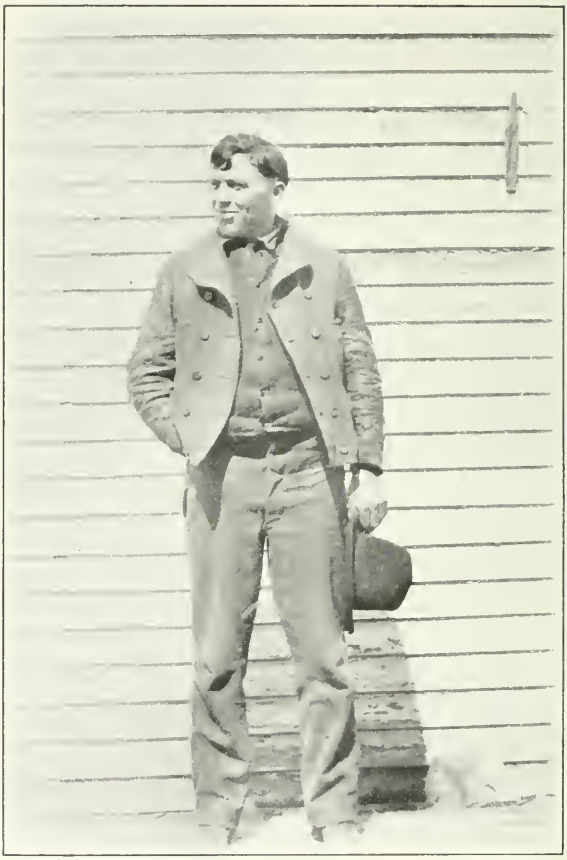
It was in the fertile brains of just such men as these that the great(?) cowboy stories have gone out to the gullible readers of the east.

It was always a wonder to me that any of the cowboys ever lived to grow up as there were so many shooting scrapes(?) The boys were young and full of life—as it took a red-blooded fellow to follow the trail; no place for a weakling.

They had their dances, which would be held as soon as there were women enough to form a quadrille.

They even might indulge in the stag dance in order to keep in practice. No doubt horses were run to test their speed and, of course, there would be no interest to the onlooker unless he had a wager up as to results.

The bucking horse held out a little diversion to the onlooker but no particular fun for the chief actor—no matter what he may say to the contrary.



JAY RHOADS.
A well-known Cowboy of Blaine County.

I am led to believe that once in a while a little game of stud or draw-power might have been indulged in to pass away the evening in the bunkhouse, not for love of the money but for the excitement. Certainly some of the boys would go to the little town and shoot it up—but mostly up—that is, their guns would be held at such an angle that there was no danger from the bullet unless it fell on someone. Some of them got full at times and much wordy ammunition was fired point blank at a mark which received no particular injury from the discharge.

Yes these were the cowboy days and to prove to you how they could play their pranks for the unsophisticated, I will relate a few of the incidents that have come to my notice. One of them I will put under the following caption:

How We Got Rid of a Tenderfoot.

"He was a great big, finely-built fellow who had recently graduated from a Chicago college but as he had fallen off so that he did not weigh more than 220 pounds his dad thought he needed a rest cure.

"Dad went to see the Rosenbaum Brothers, the livestock commission men, and asked the senior member of the firm if he would not try and find a place where his darling could go and camp out and receive at the same time the attention due his birth.

"Rosenbaum was well acquainted with several of the members of the Bearpaw pool and wrote to Stadler and Kaufman, and others, to get their consent to allow the boy to come and accept the hospitality(?) of their cow camp. Of course a request of this kind was soon granted and the young fellow came to Chinook.

It was in the spring of the year before active operations began for roundup. George Barrows was foreman but he stayed in Chinook and allowed Jay Rhodes and Frank Owens to look out for the camp. Owens was really a bad man from Texas who had used his gun or knife with serious effect several times.

"The Chicago boy was taken to camp to become a guest, as he thought, and that the cowboys were to make his days, days of pleasure and his nights long dreams of bliss.

"The cowboys rebelled at this as it is needless to say that they could not see any good reason why they should play flunky to some one who was able to take care of himself.

"Jay happened to be in Chinook one day and he called Barrows' attention to the fact that their guest was too exacting and they did not enjoy his company. George said: 'Why don't you get rid of him in some way? Don't kill him, but make it so disagreeable for him that he will quit.'

"The first thing they did was to take him off on the range one day and ride off and leave him and he was two days finding camp again. They would try all kinds of things but he stuck.

"Shortly after losing him on the range, Owens went to Chinook and got into trouble with a fellow and cut him severely in the abdomen. He rode back to camp expecting that the authorities might come at any time and take him, although, in this particular case, he was not the aggressor. When Chicago learned that Owens was really a bad man he began to fear him. Owens would intimate that the water bucket was empty or the fuel gone and big boy would hustle and see that they were replenished.

"Cook would come in and make a statement that breakfast was waiting and that it was time that the S——— had better get up. The way they had of flying into their clothes was a caution. Jay found out that Chicago was deathly afraid of rattlesnakes. Near the camp, which was located near the Snake Creek battle field, is a rocky butte that was the den of snakes. Jay went up one evening and killed a good big fat fellow, as he wished to see how persuasive it might be in getting rid of their guest. He put it in one of Chicago's boots and as the cook was in on the play they were to be routed out in haste the next morning. In he came early and said: 'You fellows turn out in a hurry as I have a hunch that the officers are coming.' This language was couched in very explicit if not complimentary terms, so the boys jumped up and hurried into their clothes. Chicago thrust one of his feet into the boot that was empty and tried to get the other on but found he was not able to do so, so he turned it up and the big rattler fell at his feet in such a way that the head was toward him.

"The big fellow said: 'Oh, my God,' and fell over in a dead faint on the bunk, to be drenched by the cook with two buckets of cold water from the spring. He was brought to and told that he should act more manly in face of danger and not faint. He ordered his horse so he could go to Chinook to see the doctor before the poison could take effect. The doctor could find no evidence of a bite so the young fellow rode back to camp and packed his grip, no longer in need of a rest (?) cure in a Montana cow camp."

Another story gives the same side to the life of the cowboy.

How We Were Double Crossed.

"Quite a number of years ago," Jay said, "I was foreman of the T U, which had its headquarters on Cow creek, south of the Bear's Paw mountains. I received a letter, one day, couched in

the nicest language I ever saw, from a party who wished to get the job of cooking in our camp. The truth of it is we had a good cook and did not want to change.

"The letter went on to explain that the writer had cooked for bishops and others high in the ecclesiastical profession—and that he was not alone a concocter of special viands—but was an entertainer of no mean talents as he was a performer on musical instruments, as well as a vocalist. He hove in sight almost as soon as his letter.

"A cowman who had a horse deal on down in the breaks of the Missouri happened into camp that night with a box of cigars and a bottle of whiskey. The cigars were opened, the cork pulled and all invited to fall to and help themselves.

"The new man was asked to take a drink but he declined, saying he never indulged. Then one of the boys asked him to sing a song for their entertainment. To this he replied he could not without his music. 'Certainly you can sing something,' his tormentor said.

"So he sang 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' and 'Rock of Ages.' (Very appropriate in such a gang and at such a time.) One of the boys who was as full of hell as needs be, staggered over and requested the singer to take a drink, at the same time pouring a small amount of whiskey into a small cup that was on the table. He declined with thanks. The cowpuncher did not take kindly to this so he pulled a big gun from some place about his person and pointing it at the party asked him if he would not have a drink with him. 'Certainly I will drink,' was his reply. Several times he felt it unhealthy to refuse the drink and the same influence got him to smoke his first cigar. It only required a few moments for the whiskey and cigar to work to such an extent that he could no longer hold a grip on something for which he never had a desire, so he rushed to the hitching post and in his agony called on his god to forgive him for having been compelled to become drunk through force and to forgive him for having been found in such company.

"It was now made up by the punchers that one of them, a son of one of the owners and now a prominent doctor (Treacy) of Helena should take the part of the stranger.

"When the next meal was called the young doctor requested the bad man to pass the bread, to which no attention was paid. Another request was made and the reply came back 'Go to h—— you S—— I wouldn't pass you anything.'

"This unwarranted assault brought forth words from each that could only be satisfied by the death of one or the other. There was only one gun in camp and that belonged to me, but the new man did not know that. There were only two cartridges

on the place. The duelists went out of doors and I gave orders for all of the boys to stay at the table. Soon two shots were fired and Holmes fell. One of the boys had rushed into the kitchen, dipped a dishcloth into the juice of some raspberries, went to the fallen man, bound up his wound which, to all appearances, was in one of his shoulders. He was brought into the cabin and placed on his bunk and I led the reluctant stranger in so he could look at the poor boy who was about to pass away and told him to forgive him for the ungentlemanly act of forcing him to take a drink. His hand gripped my arm so it pained me. I told him I was sorry that the thing had occurred but that it was a mighty tough bunch of fellows and the shooting scrapes were of frequent occurrence, but this was a little different than any that had taken place before, and as Holmes was a favorite, the boys had made up their minds to lynch his murderer, and as he was more or less the cause of the trouble they would no doubt hang him also. My advice was for him to go, and go at once.

"It is needless to say he lit out and camped in the cowshed that night to make his escape the next day to the reservation where he tried to find Major Logan, one of the members of the firm, and tell him of the horrible thing which had taken place on Cow Creek. Logan was in Helena, so the party sent word to Dr. Treacy that his son had shot and probably killed one of the other boys and that the place had become noted for several killings of late owing to the particular number of bad men who had found jobs on that particular ranch.

"The darned fool notified the Pinkerton agency of the affair. Logan, to whom the doctor showed the telegram, told him it must be a fake, gotten up for some reason among the cowboys for the benefit of some tenderfoot, because no more peaceable bunch of boys rode the Milk River range.

"I followed the tenderfoot into Harlem and learned that he had notified the Pinkerton men and that some of them were about to come and investigate and that Dr. T. was to come from Helena. I at once sent a message to Logan 'Nothing doing,' and he understood. Our friend went to Canada and wrote back that the cowboys of the north were nowhere as bad as those of Montana.

"But the way we got double-crossed in the affair was this: We had one rider who was so deaf that no ordinary conversation could be heard by him.

"Our cook was somewhat of a josher himself, so he took Deafy down in the brush and explained the whole plot to him and told him to take the shotgun and go in and cover Treacy and ask him why he shot young Holmes. We were all lying there in our bunks talking over the fun we had with the tender-

foot, who was even then hiding out in the cow shed, when in came Deafy with the biggest shotgun I ever saw in my life and pointing it at Treacy wanted him to explain why he had shot Holmes. Say, you never in your born days saw a bunch of cowpunchers light out and hit the high places. They almost tore the jamb off the door trying to get out, at the same time with Deafy after them.

I sure was some scared myself and rushed for the cook room, only to find the cook doubled up with laughter at the exit of the bunch of bad men who could not face Deafy's gun.

"The cook had double-crossed us."

A great many people wonder why all who entered the cattle business in the early days of Montana did not become rich. There were several reasons and some of them were the peculiar climatic conditions. One might have had a nice herd of cattle and the winter of some one year would take their all. Then the rustler had to be taken into consideration. The man who would go out and gather your stock and kill or sell it or who would change the brand was mighty hard to deal with. Then, too, the distance from market made the prices so low that many could not possibly continue the business.

As soon as the sheep man came the cattle man thought that he could no longer stay, as the cattle were a little bit disgusted with the scent of the little pest with the golden hoof. Cattle have become used to staying on the same range and many men who once fought the sheep owner are now raising both to advantage.

The cattle range that gave way to the sheep and his herder is now the home of the Dry Farmer, where all kinds of stock will be raised, if one is to make a success.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sheep Days.

Men who would not attempt to take a dollar away from you in any but a legitimate way would take a chance in the stock business to crush your very existence, if possible, by using all the Government range that you had formally used as a cattle range for their sheep. There is something about a sheep that cattle and horses do not like. Probably it is the scent. Sheep men and cattle men have had their wars and if all that has ever occurred in those feuds could be written one would surely have much of intense interest.

It is probably the manner in which sheep are handled that causes the destruction of the range. A sheep, if left to its own device, will have a tendency to build up rather than to ruin the

grass. One can not leave a sheep in this manner as it would be only a short time before the sheep business would be on the bum and the fur business would be a poor one.

Now as to the first sheep in Blaine county. It does not appear to be possible to find any one who will assert that he knows just who the man was who tried out the experiment. Billy Cochran says that in 1888 or '89 B. G. Olsen had sheep in the section that afterward became the county. All others seem to think that it may be possible that he was the man. T. M. Everett says he recalls that Nick Beilenberg and Joe Toomey had some which they tried to winter on the Milk river just below the mouth of the North Fork the season of '89-90. That was a hard winter and their losses were almost complete. Joe Mosser said that he could not say for sure but that Frank Sayer, of Benton, and Olsen, both had sheep on the Milk river early and he did not recall which was the first. The writer called on Mr. Sayer and he said that some one had them before he did, so there you are.

Now the sheep business today, 1917, is one of the most prosperous ones in which men have ever been interested since the earliest recollection of history, in the stock business. Wool over fifty cents, fat lambs on the market at $17.50, ewes at $18.00. That it is now good is not saying that it was always one in which a person could engage with any certainty of success.

There have been many men in what is now Blaine county and what it was before Phillips county was cut off that have made good in the business and are today the prominent men of the county because they were successful in their undertakings.

And these men were not ones who were born with a silver spoon in their mouths but were born with a desire for success and with a determination to fight it out along any line in which they got a start even if it took them not "all summer" but many winters and summers.

Jurgan Kuhr, now one of, if not the largest sheep man in the county, began in a very small way, but continued till today he is a factor in the county. If you were to go to him for a story of his success he would tell you that many a time he was not sure of the final results. The Sprinkle Brothers, now men of wealth, began, so the writer has been told, as herders of the "Little fellow with the golden hoof."

Senator B. D. Phillips had at one time probably 100,000 running at large on the ranges of northern Montana and inside of his large enclosures. The sheep business forced these men to secure large tracts of land at prices that were low so that today their land holdings would make them rich.

But if today the sheep business is one in which men would like to engage there was a time when it was just the opposite.

Sheep were hardly worth anything, as their wool was as low as six cents and their lambs only worth what a pound of wool is now.

Then there was a hazard in more ways than one attached to the business. Out there some place on the northern plains, where the grass was best, you had taken the band of sheep and turned them over to a man, to whom, if he wanted to borrow fifty dollars you would have thought twice. But he was one in whom you had more or less confidence as you expected him to stay with that band no matter what condition should arise. The tall grasses of the range land might catch on fire and the destruction of all you had would only mean minutes. Minn. Cowan told the writer of one prairie fire that took place on Woody Island creek. Jurgan Muhr had a band of sheep out in that country when one day a fire started. The men in charge rounded them up and were trying to get them to the bed ground and would then try and fight the fire back. All their efforts proved futile. The grass was only about eight inches high with a strong wind blowing, but h— would have been a cool place alongside of it. The loss was between 2300 and 2400. That was certainly a big barbecue that Jurgan had not planned, so roast mutton was the cheapest thing you ever saw.

Minn says: "My first experience in the sheep business was none too pleaant. Shortly after I began to herd in the fall of '93, in the month of October, a big blizzard of a day and night came up. Everything looked alike to me but what I could see was snow, snow, snow every place. There was no use in leaving the sheep for that would have been very unwise and if one stayed there would be a chance that you would be picked up as soon as the storm was over as they would be sure to hunt for the band as that meant money. I stayed right with that band for two nights and two and one-half days. Even after the storm quit I could not find camp. Chris Maloney found me about three o'clock the third day. I had all the sheep. The sheep bedded down each night. The second night they drifted to an old sheep shed where there was a tent but no bedding, but as there were some pelts I managed to get by. It never occurred to me to leave them."

Scott Cowan, who has been a pretty successful sheep man in the Milk River country, has had many and varied experiences. He said: "The winters were by no means all bad and the life of the herder was not too uncomfortable during normal conditions. When the exceptionally hard ones came, much suffering came to both men and flocks. I remember that one season one of the big sheep men moved a part of his stock to Canada and did not get there in time to make full preparatoins for their safety. The result was a very heavy loss. The next spring some of his friends asked him if his loss was very heavy and his reply was: 'No, I saved some of the dogs and all of the sheep herders.' I recall one

winter that we had had bad luck by losing our dogs. We had to take out snow plows and clean off a section of ground so the sheep could spread out and feed. If the conditions were at all favorable the boys would take their blankets and stay all night. One morning for some reason I got it into my head that there would be trouble if we took the sheep to any great distance from home, so advised that it should not be done. About ten it cleared up so I changed my mind and the sheep were started. When we left home the sun was shining as brightly as could be. There was a coulee at some distance from the house in which we wanted them to feed as the grass was nice and thick. We had just arrived on the feeding grounds when it began to cloud up and in a very few minutes not a thing could be seen. I told my brothers (Arthur, Minn and George) to hold them and I would go to the house and get a little hay and that there would probably be a chance of getting them back to the sheds. I got a 'half-breed' sled and loaded on a little hay and started back to find the band, which was done by accident as I had Fred Brockway, then only a small boy with me, who called my attention to the trail the sheep had made while being driven before the blizzard. When we found the boys they were more or less excited, but I told them to take it easy and we would pull through all right as we had to stay any way. I left the sled at one end and we tried to hold the herd by walking around it. We could not see one another and did not meet unless we happened to come to the sleigh at the same time.

"Along about evening the sheep began to bleat and began to take interest in things so we thought we could get them home to the shed. We started with the team ahead and had only gone a few minutes when one of the boys shouted that the band had broken in two. I stopped and went back to find that the tail of the band had not moved at all. The leaders were about two hundred yards in the lead so we had to get the two bunches together and stay with them, I thought, so we began to do so. In this we were not successful because, try as we might, we could not find the leaders and did not get them together until we came to Chris Maloney's place, where we were fortunate to get the men so that they could get something to eat and to put Fred who was, as I have said, only a small boy, in a comfortable place to keep him from freezing."

Minn says of the same storm: "When I went in, Scott's face was so badly frozen that I had to go out in his place. I had to cut off his mustache so he could close his mouth. I did not get back till about midnight though the band was only about one-quarter of a mile away from Maloney's house. The next day we got a team and snow plow and managed to get them to our place,



CHIEF JOSEPH.

The Indian who whipped every army that tried to capture him, not excepting Miles, whom he had going if he (Joseph) had made one rush when the buffalo came in sight.

which was only a mile and a half. The snow was probably three feet deep. My face was so chilled that I did not get back to work for over a week. I had been with that herd all that night. When a man does a thing like that he earns all he ever makes in the sheep business. That was on the 5th day of February, 1895.

That was not the only bad winter we had up in that country, for the winter of 1906-7 my brothers gave Gene Aiken $100 to take a little grub and two pitchforks to the ranch and he was a week making to Woody Island and back to Harlem."

After one of these hard winters the lamb crop would be small as the mothers would have no nourishment for the little ones when they came. The season of lambing was one always to be dreaded as extra men were in demand and they were often hard to get and sometimes harder to keep. When a person has property that gets its start from the foundation such as lambs that do not come to this climate strong enough to know there own mother, or worse yet, a fool mother that does not know its own offspring, then he surely had grief.

This article is not to educate the reader in sheep raising but to give the story in a vague way of the sheep industry in our county. A book could be filled if one were to get the stories of the herders who have braved the storms of an Arctic winter for a small consideration, to protect their charge from the wild animals that roved the range or from the terrible blizzard that might prove their undoing. We do not hear of many of the heroic things the sheep herder has done in his fight for life and in the sacrifices he has made to protect the property placed in his hands but, nevertheless he has been a factor in the upbuilding of many of the fortunes in Montana today.

CHAPTER IX.

The Last Stand or the Battle of the Bear's Paw.

The last battle to be fought between the Indians and the whites in Montana was commenced September 30 and finished on October 5th, 1877, on Snake Creek, sixteen miles from Chinook, now in Blaine county.

In order to give the reader who may have never heard the causes that led up to this battle a clear view it will be necessary to go back and explain the conditions prior to this last stand of the Nez Perces.

Our first knowledge of these Indians came to us through Lewis and Clark. The impression left by these explorers was one which gave due meed of praise to them; as it tells of their friendliness to

them and to the expedition under them. These men concluded a treaty of peace that lasted through all the stirring times of northwestern border settlement.

The Nez Perces were always proud that they never shed one drop of white man's blood.

The land that they claimed and held at that time was roughly bounded by saying that it contained or comprised all the country between the Bitter Root mountains on the East, the Blue Mountains on the West, the Salmon river from below the mouth of White Bird on the South, and the North Palouse on the North.

As Dr. Moody says: "It was a land of natural advantage, warm in winter, cool in summer, abundant grass, plenty of water, hills covered with game and all that would make it a lovely land in which to reside, to the white as well as the Red Man." It was mighty hard to give this land up to the behest of the white man.

"When the west-bound emigrant reached the Nez Perce country he felt safe, for at no time did these people harass travelers as did the tribes of the East."

It was only after a number of years when the whites looked upon the broad acres with covetous eyes that trouble began.

"Before the dawn of history, of them, the Nez Perces had been ruled by a dynasty of chiefs of which the Joseph of our day was the last. His immediate predecessor was his father, called by the whites, 'Old Joseph,' to distinguish him from his son."

The Oregon Trail ran through the land owned by these people, and all together too soon for the Indian, the emigrant turned his cattle loose along some rippling stream where he built his cabin, fenced the land and began to turn the sod. This last act, to the Indian, was desecration, as the earth was his mother and the white man had wounded her bosom. Not alone did he do that but he was coming in such numbers that he was taking the grass that the Indian needed to feed his ponies.

"Old Joseph" had called the Indian Agent's attention to the fact that the whites were taking their land and eating their substance, but this did no good. More whites came and clashes took place in which an Indian was killed. (Remember this fact, the whites did not only take the land but they were the *first* to shed blood.)

The valley of the Wallowa was a particular section that the Indians desired to hold. A treaty was made and signed June 11, 1855, by some of the Indians but never by "Old Joseph," who was the one who was the most interested. The old chief died in 1872 bequeathing the reins of tribal government to Young Joseph, at that time about thirty-five years of age.

Before the old chief died he called his son to him and exacted a promise that the Wallowa should never be given up.

Ere Columbus had set sail for India, these people had lived in their beautiful valley by the flowing water. Their dead had been placed in consecrated ground which had been moistened by the tears of loved ones. No other sun ever shone as bright as did this of theirs. They may have been savages but they were men, as Gibbon found to his cost, as he was whipped on the banks of the Ruby. They were never untrue to their fathers or their traditions, as is evinced by their having taken the war path. No party of men, since the world began, ever put up a more glorious effort for independence than did the Red Men of the valley of Wallowa.

Troubles of various kinds took place for years and culminated in a war that began in June and ended in October, 1877.

The first man to be killed was Richard Devine, an old miner who lived alone in a cabin above the mouth of the White Bird, on the Salmon.

That took place on June 15th. Col. Perry, who was sent after the Indians, was defeated on the 17th of June and General Howard started in to clean out the Indians. Several engagements took place in Idaho in which the Red Men showed their ability in a most signal way. They came to the conclusion to leave the land which they had for so many years called home and go through Montana to Canada, where they thought it possible to establish a new residence.

That they had not thought of mistreating the people of Montana in making their passage through this Territory, is now known.

As there were two battles and several skirmishes in the section now known as the State of Montana we must give something of them in order, as was above mentioned, to enlighten the reader.

I know of no more interesting matter to publish in respect to their coming to Montana than the one by Mr. W. B. Harlan of Como, who was one of the men who saw all that he has herein described.

The Fiasco at "Fort Fizzle" on the Lolo Trail.

Early in July in 1877 word was brought to us in Western Montana that Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perce Indians had broken out over in Idaho across the mountains from the Bitter Root valley.

"Aggravated and enraged by the encroachments and depredations of some of the lawless whites, the Indians had killed some of the settlers, burned their homes and were sure enough on the 'war path.'

"After some inconclusive fights with the soldiers sent to subdue them, the Indians, some 900 strong, counting men, women and children, but all well armed, started over the Lolo trail, their

objective point being the British possessions where they evidently expected protection and immunity from arrest and punishment for their crimes (?).

"They were pursued at a safe distance by Maj. General Howard, Col. Miller and about 600 soldiers of the regular army. The Indians sent couriers into the Bitter Root valley asking the Flatheads to help them fight and exterminate the whites. Chief Charlos not only refused, but said he and his tribe would fight on the side of the settlers if necessary.

"The Nez Perces then sent word that if they were allowed to go through the valley peaceably, they would not fight the whites or destroy their property. No answer was made to this offer as no one had authority to make any such agreement.

"In the meantime the settlers of the Bitter Root, becoming much alarmed for the safety of their families, placed them in old Fort Owens at Stevensville and two new sod forts which they hastily constructed at Corvallis and Skalkaho.

"The Indians were now reported to be on the Montana side of the mountains and they finally encamped on Woodman's Prairie, some ten or twelve miles up the Lolo from the Bitter Root river. We learned that the soldiers from Fort Missoula were going up to meet them and attempt to turn them back or obtain their surrender or fight them, as the case might be. On a Tuesday morning 35 men, pioneer settlers of the valley, left Fort Owens for the Lolo. They were, of course, well armed and took with them their blankets and a few days' provisions tied to their saddles.

"About where the town of Lolo now is they met Captain Rawn in command of 25 soldiers. With him were Captain Logan, Lieutenants English and Woodruth and two others whose names I do not recall.

"John Robertson, Cortez Goff and I were delegated to have a talk with Captain Rawn and explain our situation to him. We told him of the defenseless condition of the valley; of the hundreds of women and children, to say nothing of our property that would be at the mercy of the Indians if infuriated by an attack that would not and could not be a defeat for them.

"Captain Rawn, with somewhat of that contemptuous manner that too often characterizes regular army officers in their intercourse with mere citizens, would hardly listen to us, but did say that he had been ordered to meet the Nez Perces and turn them back or fight them and he proposed to do so with or without our help, and added that 'he might as well throw up his commission if he did otherwise.'

"We realized that a fight with the Indians, whether by soldiers or citizens would have the effect to make them hostile towards us, so we decided to go with the soldiers and naturally

placed ourselves under the direction and command of the regular officers.

"Word was being sent out from Missoula to all western Montana for help, and for them to come running. The call was nobly responded to, for in two or three days several hundred well armed men from Missoula, Philipsburg, Bear Gulch and Deer Lodge, together with 90 out of the 100 settlers of the Bitter Root valley were at the front up the Lolo.

"But to return to my story, on that Tuesday night the soldiers and citizens—60 men in all—rode ten miles up the Lolo and went into permanent camp in the heavy timber in a narrow part of the canyon and about three miles below where the Indians were camped on the big prairie.

"We immediately began felling trees and building log breastworks, and with the help of new arrivals, had in two or three days a very strong barricade across the gulch, behind which we felt secure from an attack in front, the only direction from which the commanding officer seemed to think an attack possible.

"There was no protection from the cross-fire of the Indians, dodging from tree to tree on the mountain sides and it was the belief of most of us, that in case of a fight, especially before our reinforcements arrived, it would have been another Custer massacre.

"On Thursday Governor Potts came up and with an escort of about fifty men went to hold a pow wow with the chiefs at the lower end of the prairie about half way between the opposing camps. Here we were met by an equal number of Indians who came down and stopped in line a hundred yards from us. Governor Potts with Captain Brown rode out and met Chief Joseph and Looking Glass with their interpreters and talked for a half hour or more. The situation was just a little bit tense and strained as we sat facing each other with guns ready for instant use and each side watching for the first sign of treachery. We remembered the fate of General Canby when killed by the Modocs in a similar situation, but nothing happened and we rode back to repeat the performance the next day.

"Nothing came of the meetings, the Indians refusing to turn back or surrender, so the Governor went back to Missoula and left the situation as he found it.

"The Indians had announced that they would move Saturday morning, but it was as yet unknown to us whether they would turn back or go north over a trail that would bring them out near Frenchtown, or come down headed for the Bitter Root, with the almost certainty, so far as we knew, of a battle.

"Early in the morning I was sent with five men as an advance picket to a point a half mile from camp and high up the mountain

side to watch and report the movements of the hostile camp. Lieutenant English loaned me his field glasses and we took a position where we had a good view of their position.

"About nine o'clock I sent word that the Indians were driving in their horses and breaking camp. Another man was sent in when it was seen that they had packed up and had started down the valley toward us. By the time we had decided to go in, the Indians were below us and between us and camp, so we had to make a hurried detour and dodge among the trees to avoid them.

"I reported to Captain Rawn that the Indians were beginning to climb the ridge a fourth of a mile above our camp and were evidently going around us. He replied that it would be impossible for them to go around on that steep hillside and it was only a scout that I saw, and when I said I saw squaws and children with camp stuff going up, he turned back into his tent with the insulting remark that 'The trouble in this camp is that there are too many God Almightys in it.' As partly explaining such conduct and language, I will say that early that morning, Bill McQuirk, a saloon keeper of Missoula, had brought in a demijohn of whisky which was on tap in the headquarter's tent, with the result that when we finally broke camp an hour later the commanding officer could hardly sit in his saddle and the second in command could not, but was hauled out, stretched out upon an army wagon load of tents and bedding.

"Quite a number of Flathead Indians were with us and showed their true friendship by preparing to fight with us in the expected battle. They had white cloths tied around their heads so we could distinguish between friend and foe. I well remember Delaware Jim's exhortation: 'Shoot low and kill horse, then shoot Injun,' which would have been good advice if the Nez Perces had been fools enough to attack in front, and on horseback.

"As the Indians were passing around, a detachment of thirty or forty citizens went out to the foot of the mountain, and a little way up, to see that no surprise attack was made from that direction, but with the exception of a few stray shots fired from the hill into the barricade, no hostile demonstration was made, and the whole body of Indians came down into the valley a mile below us.

"A half hour later we were ordered to mount and were hurried down the canyon after them. Several miles below we were halted in the edge of a wood facing a half mile of prairie where we could see the Indians in the timber on the far side, and we were told that here was to be the battle sure enough. We stood in battle line for a half hour expecting an order to charge, but none came. It was soon evident that the Indians had disappeared so we were led peacefully down the road.

"Until we reached the junction of the Lolo with the Bitter Root valley, none of us knew which way the Indians would turn; whether they would go by way of Missoula or by the Bitter Root. The former was the shorter route but was much more thickly settled. When we reached the mouth of the canyon we found that the Indians had gone up the Bitter Root valley and right there the regular soldiers and all the volunteers from Missoula, Philipsburg and Deer Lodge turned north to Missoula and left the Bitter Root to its fate.

"We did not understand then, nor do we know now, why Captain Rawn, with more than five hundred men to back him, should decline to fight that day, while only a few days before he had been so anxious to open battle with only twenty-five. Whether it was under the advice of Governor Potts, or under the influence of Bill McQuirk's demijohn, has never been made public.

"This ended the 'Fiasco at Fort Fizzle," on the Lolo Trail.

"But the Bitter Rooters could not evade all the responsibilities and solve their problems so easily.

"On that hot Saturday afternoon there were cooped up in Fort Owens two hundred and fifty-eight women and children with just four old men with two shotguns to protect them, while in the two sod forts up the valley there were probably nearly as many more.

"Now that we were released from the authority of Captain Rawn and knowing that we could have no outside help in protecting our families and homes, we were naturally anxious to get past the Indians and beat them to the fort. We did not believe that they would stop and camp till they were past the thickly settled part of the valley, and well away from the soldiers and volunteer citizens, they not knowing, so we thought, that the Bitter Root had been abandoned by all but her own men.

"As about thirty of us, including just two from Missoula, Judge Stephens and Mr. Kinney—afterwards state auditor—galloped up the road across what is now known as the McLain or McClay flats, we decided to leave the west side road near where Florence is now, and cross the river at the Eight Mile Ford, thus avoiding the Indians. What was our surprise as we topped the Carlton bench to see, just in front of us, the whole Indian encampment.

"They had turned their horses out on the prairie and the squaws were busy putting up their lodges on both sides of the road. To the right and left we could see the gleam of rifles in the timber, while in front were hundreds of Indians with guns in their hands, waiting.

"We halted, and realizing that we could neither advance or retreat, without their consent, and that to fire a gun meant instant death to each and all of us, we sent a half-breed, Alex Matt, to

their camp to ask Chief Looking Glass to come down and talk with us. Now it is known that while Joseph was the war chief and was in favor of fighting the whites at every opportunity, Looking Glass was the peace chief and was in command of the whole expedition while on the march and it was his influence that saved the valley, people and property, from destruction.

"Looking Glass came to us and as we circled around him thirty or forty warriors, not knowing what our intentions were, jumped on their ponies and came rushing down but drew up a hundred feet or so from us and watched us.

"Acting as spokesman for our party I asked the chief if we could go through his camp to our wives and children. With much sarcasm, that we did not just at that time care to resent, he replied: 'This morning when you were many and strong you wanted to fight, but now that you are few you want to go home in peace.' With much more in the same vein he told us, at last, that we could go through his camp in safety. He and his warriors then rode back to camp, we following slowly in single file.

"The Indians were lined up on both sides of the road with guns in their hands, probably hoping for an excuse for shooting us down, but we gave them none, for just then we were 'too proud to fight,' and even Bryan himself would have been satisfied with our peaceful attitude.

"As I would pass a particularly ugly group in Chief Joseph's part of the camp, standing with their guns half-raised and with fingers on the triggers, I could feel a nervous twitching of the muscles of my back that belied the brave front I was putting up.

"As we passed the last Redskin, each of us urged his horse to a lope and stopped for nothing until we had reached the fort, where we found all well but somewhat anxious, as a deserter had brought them word of an actual battle in progress.

"The next morning we took possession of all the whisky in the saloons in Stevensville and locked it up in a cellar at Fort Owen. That day the Indians came up and camped opposite Stevensville. They came into town and announced that they wanted supplies, that they would pay for them, if permitted, but would take them anyway.

"The merchants of Stevensville were much criticised for selling goods to hostile Indians but, under the circumstances, they were certainly justified.

"Looking Glass sat on his horse in the main street of the town for two days watching that none of his people started trouble, and on one occasion jumped off and jerked a quarrelsome warrior out of a store and sent him to camp across the river.

"Having obtained their needed supplies the Indians moved slowly up and out of the valley, apparently not fearing General

Howard, who always kept several days behind them. It was a common report, at the time, that if General Howard found the camp signs too fresh he would stop and wait a day or two and this policy was followed until General Miles headed them off and fought them to a surrender in the Bear Paw mountains near the British line. In that battle Chief Looking Glass, the tried friend of the whites, was killed.

"But the Indians as they left the Bitter Root valley (and in going through which they destroyed nothing) were not aware of the rapid approach of General Gibbon, who was bringing a few soldiers from Fort Shaw, picking up those at Fort Missoula and about forty whites from the valley.

"If they had known of him he would not have gotten to surprise them in his attack on the morning of August 9th in the Big Hole which, though a surprise, was not by any means a victory. That is, though, another chapter in the story of Montana for some other writer."

Mr. Harlan is a high-class citizen of Montana who would not willingly take advantage of even an Indian. He has given a true statement of one of those things not generally known—the way the Nez Perces treated the whites in the Bitter Root. What a lesson to those very same white men who claim civilization under the advanced teachings of Christianity.

That chief of the Nez Perce tribe who held his warriors in check the summer of '77—who did not allow them to be even insulting—was more of a follower of the Meek and Lowly One than the same Bitter Root volunteers who had had their lives given them only a few days before by that same chieftain who could have, had he been the blood-thirsty fiend the Red Man is so often depicted, taken all their property and ravished and murdered their wives and children. What a wonderful lesson could be learned by the nations at war in Europe today if they would tear one leaf from that Red Man's life story and read of his decency and honesty as he made good his given word.

The Battle of the Big Hole.

On the morning of August 9th, 1877, the Nez Perces were surprised at a time when most of them were asleep. This fight, which has been the theme for many a writer, was fought by General John Gibbon and one hundred and ninety-eight men, including thirty-four citizen volunteers from the Bitter Root. Now, in a way, I do not believe that those Bitter Root boys had any right to be in that fight. In the light of these latter days I really believe that most of them would like to forget that they were there. Now I do not want to say that those men were not honorable men,

because I know they were. They were good citizens but ones who did not hold the rights of the Indians as anything which a white man should respect, especially when they were on the war path. He was simply an Indian who, in their desire to settle the country, had been a stumbling block that had to be destroyed. They had not taken time to go into the matter, as they would in the case of the white man, to see who was right, they had simply given the best of it to the whites, no matter how little they deserved it.

It was a good thing for Gibbon that they were there as, without them, he would, without doubt, have been destroyed.

Even though the whites had surprised the Nez Perce they could not retain the ground they had taken long enough to know they had taken it. The Indians rallied and soon had recovered the lost ground and made it so warm for the whites that they were compelled to seek cover on a point where there was some timber growing which could be used for fortifying, as many of the trees had fallen down. Here, without anything to eat, the whites were held for some time, not knowing what their fate would be. The truth is they would have all been killed if it had not been that Howard was known to be not far away. It was a fearful battle to the Red Men and one that those of the whites, who were engaged, will always remember. Over one-third of the white men were killed or wounded and probably the same proportion of the Red ones.

The Indians pulled up the Big Hole river and passed out at its head and down Bloody Dick Creek to the Horse Prairie. On Horse Prairie they killed several white settlers. It is the opinion of the writer that the volunteers of Bitter Root were the direct cause of the massacre of the men on Horse Prairie. As the men of Bitter Root had been in the engagement with Gibbon they (the Indians) could not tell whom their friends might be so they became as all other people at war, more ensanguined.

After they had killed these men on Horse Prairie they went into Idaho and began their long trip to the Yellowstone through the National park on their way to Canada. While this was the longest route it appeared to them much safer as there were many less settlers with which to contend. In fact there were no settlers along the route which they chose. They did not know, though, that there were several troops of soldiers that the Government could call at any time when necessary, and were almost within striking distance of them and would be called if those who were already after them failed in their attempt to conquer.

Not alone was General Howard after them but several companies of citizen volunteers were on their trail.



PHOTO NO. 1.

A—Is a point southeast of the battlefield showing the direction from which the soldiers were coming. The land is only broken prairie, that could offer no particular obstacle to one on horseback. The Bear's Paw Mountains are to be seen to the south, eight to twelve miles away.

The arrow is on top of the cut-bank, just above Snake Creek, and it was at this point that the Indians met the soldiers with a deadly fire as they tried to charge the camp which was on the creek bottom.

One night they came back and surprised Howard and stole many of his horses and mules. They also captured some people in the park and one or two were killed or wounded but some were turned loose to later find their way to the settlement.

The country through which they were traveling, especially in the Natoinal park, was exceeding rough. They left Howard's command in the rear and reached the waters of the Yellowstone below the mountains and crossed over and started toward the Missouri. They had a set-to with the soldiers who did not seem strong enough to hold them, and continued on to the north and crossed the big river at Cow Island.

In the days before the railroad the steamers would start for Benton and go as far as they could. Some times they would get to their destination and, when the water was too low, they would only get as far as Peck, Carroll or Cow Island. This year they must have gotten as far as the island, for the Indians captured and destroyed a wagon train at the mouth of Cow creek and became well supplied with provisions and other things which came in handy.

After the destruction of this train they continued toward the Canadian line but stopped when they arrived at Snake Creek at a point on it about or almost one-half way from the Bear's Paw mountains to the Milk river, sixteen miles from Chinook by the wagon road, but several miles nearer by air line.

The ground which they chose for their encampment was about twelve miles north of the mountains and to the ordinary observer it showed no strategic strength. The writer had read all that he could find descriptive of this battle and had been lead to believe that the place was chosen for its impregnability by the wiley Joseph.

The fact is it was chosen as any plainsman or mountain man, be he white or Red, would have chosen for a camping place, especially at that season of the year, October, for comfort.

No crags, no canyons, no timber or brush, no serrated peaks or giant rocks, where the besieged could skulk and defy, because of the strength of their position itself, a party superior to theirs in number.

When the writer visited this place he was so surprised that he told his son and another young man that surely this could not be the place where Joseph held an army twice as large as his war-worn warriors for several days before he had to finally give up and say as he surrendered his gun "From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever."

Let me try to give a pen picture (if possible a photo will accompany this) of the field. The Snake creek runs in a north-easterly direction from the mountains to where it runs into the

Milk. The great plains extend from the base of the mountains to the north farther than the eye can see toward the Canadian country. The place chosen for the camp was a crescent shaped flat or cove which laid on the east side of the creek. It is a strange thing, but the peculiar shape of this cove or flat is typically primitive and to even the casual observer not hard to trace as the background form the bow and the creek the string. The back of this bow does not arise more than twenty-five feet high above the bottom land on which the Indians had made their camp. At the upper end of the cove is a cut bank that rises abruptly. This particular cut bank did not offer much protection, though it did help the Indians some as the whites could not approach near enough from that direction to shoot without exposing themselves to the marksmanship of a band of Indians of whom Lieutenant Woodruth said after the battle of the Big Hole: "Don't try to sharp shoot with them because they are the best shots I ever saw, and I had several years' experience in the Civil war as well as years on the plains fighting Indians." This cut bank came to the creek at the upper end of the bow. The back of the bow was not abrupt but it, too, came to the creek at the lower end in a bluff or ridge. To the west or northwest, in front of the string (creek) was a plain with a gradual slope toward the stream. From this part of the field the whites had a good view of the Indian camp. The whites came in from the southeast and the guides or scouts found the Indians, or many of them, hunting buffalo which dotted the plain in almost every direction. It is a fact that the Indians thought that they were beyond the danger zone and as the buffalo were in abundance they would stop right where they were and lay in a supply of food as they had done so many times in years past. Tired and weary with the long flight and their many fights with the several armies which the Government had from time to time sent against them, they had found the very acme of Indian happiness in the numberless buffalo, so easy to be procured. These same buffalo proved the temptation which, listening to, proved their undoing as had the apple to our first mother in another garden so long ago.

Out on the vast plains of the west the Indian and plainsmen had found fuel in the dry dung of the buffalo which was called, to make it sound more pleasing to the refined ear, "Buffalo chips." Here where Joseph had chosen his camp fuel, water and grass were abundant, an ideal place for a few days.

Coming in from the northeast was a small coulee that came in and cut the back of the bow near the lower end of the camp. This coulee had formed two mouths and it was because of that peculiar formation that the point became a strategic one. Between the mouths of the coulee was a triangular bar of about one acre in



PHOTO NO. 2.

Along and down the stream you can see all the battlefield as occupied by Joseph. It is a cove about one-fourth of a mile long and probably 200 yards wide, with the bluff to the east and across the creek. To the west, where the soldiers were, was a plain, as will be indicated in Photo 4. The arrow points to a ridge on which the Indians had dug pits, as a protection in picket duty. There were four of these pits and this particular point was high enough for a good view of the field.

H—This is the top of the cut-bank as indicated by arrow in No. 1. Indian encampment was on the creek bottom just above (to the left) and it was to reach it by coming into the bottom to the left of the cut bank that the Indians surprised the soldiers and about fourteen of them were killed and several wounded.

One is looking north or northeast in this picture. Just under this arrow was the gulch with two mouths—where the "Last Stand" was made, as indicated by No. 4.

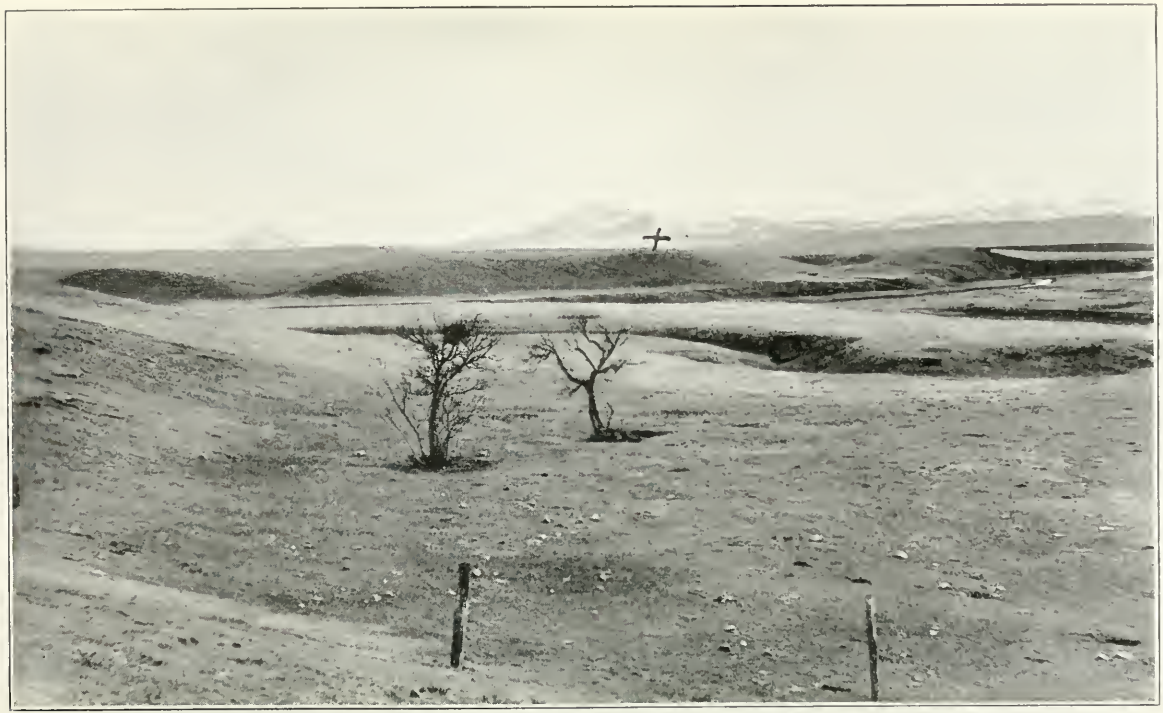


PHOTO NO. 3.

This is looking south toward the upper end of battlefield, or toward the cut-bank. This bank is about 40 feet high. The cross shows, or indicates, the point where the soldiers were buried, as will be shown in No. 5. O indicates one of the shallow coulees in which the Indians got before they had time to dig the pits at the "Last Stand." This cut shows, also, the large coulee coming in from the east.

Record 11/7/18

NOTED SCOUT DEAD IN HAVRE

LOUIS SHAMBO, FRIEND OF PERSHING, HITS LAST TRAIL IN THIS CITY

Special to The Record-Herald.

HAVRE, Nov. 7.—Louis Shambo, one of the pioneer scouts of the northwest, is dead here.

The late scout was born in Graceville, Minn., in 1846, and he was one of the greatest scouts blazing the trail to civilization known to the west. He was a government scout and guide with General Miles during the time of the capture of Chief Joseph in the Bear Paw mountain district in 1876. After this he served in the capacity of scout and interpreter for the government.

He was a special friend of General Pershing in the early '90s at Fort Assinniboine in his official capacity as interpreter and government scout. Shambo was very reticent in his demeanor, silent and reserved, friends only in his reminiscent mood could get him to divulge his experience of the early days.

Volumes could be written of private history related in his personal experience. He lived as a boy among the Chippewas of Minnesota, grew to manhood among the manners and customs of the aborigines, graduated in the school of frontier life, thus becoming a valuable servant to the government in later years as one of the most valiant and reliable scouts that this country has ever known.

He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. Maggie Burch, and a son, Edward Shambo, both of Dodson.

area, with its base along the stream. The gulches formed by the coulee were not more than four feet deep and of gentle slope and not abrupt. The soil in the bottom of the ravine was alluvial and easy to dig. The Indians had taken advantage of this particular section and excavated many holes that were jug-shaped, as the opening was much smaller than the main room. Some of these holes were connected by tunnels. Behind these ravines the bar came to a point and offered a splendid view of the plain from which the whites would approach. The point was used as a means of defense by digging pits and placing some small rocks close enough so they would be a protection from the rifle bullets. To the north, the right hand side of the ridge which formed the coulee, ran out a little, or one should say the creek cut around the lower end of it so it extended out a little into the valley or cove and on it there were some rifle pits fixed in the same way. The peculiar formation of the triangle furnished the Indian a full view of the soldiers' battle line to the west and the rifle pits gave them the view of the rest of the field. After the Indians had had time to entrench it was impossible for the soldiers to take their position by a charge. Another thing that was in favor of the Indians, they could get all the water they needed as their fortifications extended to the creek down the ravine.

Now the description of the battle as given by Miles or Howard does not enter into detail. A story without detail lacks everything that goes to make a story interesting. It has been the writer's good fortune to have found some of the men who were actively engaged in this fight and he is going to let them tell their stories in their own words.

The scout who found the Nez Perce camp for Miles was Louie Shambow, at this time (Dec., 1916) living in Havre. I am going to allow him to give his description as I consider it very interesting and because it has never been given to the public.

Shambow's Story.

"I had been one of Crook's scouts and had made a trip to the Redwater, Dry Fork, etc., with 'Yellowstone Kelly.' I was introduced to Miles by Kelly. Miles wanted me to work for him and said he would give me the very best wages. I asked him what they were and he said 'Seventy-five dollars a month.' As I was at that time packing and getting $125 I did not feel that the wages offered were any inducement so I told him that the offer was too low but that I would consider the same price from him that I was getting.

"His reply was not one that made me feel very friendly toward him as he said in a tone, which I did not like, that he could get

good men for forty dollars, placing too much emphasis on good. I turned on my heel and told him to get his forty dollar men, thinking then that I would see him in h—— before I would work for him at any price. When we got into the Little Missouri the scouts they had did not know the country. They came to me for information and I told Captain Clark of the Second Cavalry to look to Miles' forty dollar men as I did not wish to interfere with their plans.

"When we got to the mouth of Powder river a fellow came from Keogh to tell us to come to that post as fast as we could. We went to Keogh to get ready to go after the Nez Perces. We crossed the Yellowstone in two or three days. The night after we crossed the head man came to me and said: 'You will not go on this trip.' I asked him why, and he replied that he wanted me to break in a bunch of mules to pack. My reply was that I might not want to stay; that I might go back to Wyoming. I went to the quartermaster and told him I was going to Miles City and when he wanted me he could send for me. In the course of four or five days an orderly hunted me up and said the commanding officer wanted to see me right away. I went over and he told me that the Nez Perces had burned a bull train at the mouth of Cow creek and asked me if I knew where it was. I told him yes. To my answer he said: 'Here is a dispatch and I want you to take it to General Miles.' I told him that I was no scout, that I did not go much on General Miles anyway from what he had said to me, and as they could get forty dollar men they had better get them. He turned to me and said: 'You had better go, Louie, as Miles will be sure to make it all right with you; and anyway there is no one else here that we can depend on.' A little of that kind of talk and I fell for it and told him I would go. 'When will you be ready?' My reply was that all I wanted was a good horse and I would go. I started at once and overtook Miles the third day out at the east end of the Bear's Paw. I had a little trouble to get inside the guards but did so and delivered my dispatch to the General and went to bed. The next morning, so early that I could see no sense in it, they called me to go to Miles' tent.

"He explained to me that the guides did not know the country any more and wanted to know which way the Indians would go, as they were supposed to join the Gros Ventres. I told him that we were in the land of the Gros Ventres right now. He then replied to me that he wanted me to find the Nez Perces. 'I will give you ten Cheyenne scouts, see if you can find any trace of these people, and I will make it all right with you, money will be no object.'

"I started with the Indians and only had gone about four miles when I found their trail. I sent an Indian back telling him the place where the Indians were going and for him to come on. We had only proceeded seven or eight miles when we saw a bunch of them running buffalo, probably ten or twelve of them. They soon discovered us, as they had glasses. I soon noticed that they were the Nez Perces as they had striped blankets—the other tribes had solid colors. I sent another Indian back to tell the General that we had found the Nez Perces and that they had better hurry up. The Nez Perces took what meat they wanted, as we did not crowd, not getting nearer than one-half mile.

"When they started for camp we followed but could see no lodges but could see their horses, which were on the northeast side of the creek. We had no business any nearer those fellows, so hung around till Miles came.

"Finally he came up and asked me what I had found. I told him what I had seen and that they were camped on Snake creek. He wanted to know how far and I told him about four or five miles. He told me he wanted me to take him to their camp and I told him I could not see the camp but that I knew where they all went in and came out. We got within a mile of them but could not see them. Again he told me to take him right where I thought they were and had the bugle blow for 'double quick.'

"We did not see a thing of them till we got within seventy or eighty yards. (This was between eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning.) The Indians were waiting for us and opened fire and Miles stopped his command right there instead of making a charge—and it was right there he made his big loss. (We buried twenty-two men and they were dying all the way back.) I was in the lead and thought that Miles was coming. The Indians shot my horse three times and he fell dead and I was behind him for an hour or more or until the bullets began to come through and made my fortifications no pleasant place to stay. There was a boulder about four or five feet from me and I wiggled to and got behind it. It was not a large rock, only an inch or two above my head when I was lying close to the ground. Pretty soon 'Yellowstone Kelley' and Haddow, a soldier, came to me and wanted to know if I saw anything. I told them I did and that I was getting some shots that counted. Haddow crowded up close to me and placed his arm around me and I told him to lie low or they would get him. I had no more than told him when a bullet hit him just above the collar bone and ranged down. I looked back and saw that he was shot to die, so I asked Kelley to take him by the legs and pull him off and we would see if we could get him to a place of safety. We started but he died on our hands.

"Those Indians were the best shots I ever saw. I would put a small stone on the top of my rock and they would get it every time. They were hitting the rock behind where I was lying which made me duck so hard that it made my nose bleed.

"The next morning after the first day's fight a bunch of buffalo were coming into sight and the soldiers thought it was Sitting Bull's outfit. They could see black horses, pinto horses and every other kind and they called me and said that Sitting Bull was coming.

"I told them it was buffalo. You see it had snowed that night and the snow had blown into the hair of the buffalo and made them look white and spotted. I told them it was buffalo and took a horse that belonged to Miles and rode over and killed one and brought some of the meat back. Miles gave me fits for it. I believe that if the Indians had charged right then the soldiers would have run like hell. I have been in harder fights than that and will always believe that if we had not hesitated we would have ended that fight in fifteen minutes as there were twice as many white men as there were Indian warriors."

Surely that gives something that has never before been written for the people to think about when they study the fight at Snake creek.

The buffalo hunters that they had out had kept the Indians from being surprised, and they had returned to camp in time to be prepared to meet Miles with surprise and with such deadly effect that he waited and gave the Indians time to fortify.

We want to give the reader something of the battle as described by Col. Miles and then let him judge. Shambow says that he saw the Indians hunting buffalo and that they saw him and that they were ready for the soldiers when they made the charge between 11 and 12 o'clock. Now what does Miles say?

"The Nez Perces were quietly slumbering in their tents evidently without a thought of danger, as they had sent out scouts the day before to see if there were any troops in the vicinity, and as the scouts had reported 'none discovered,' but that they had seen vast herds of buffaloes, deer, elk and antelope quietly grazing on the prairie undisturbed, and no enemy in sight. The Seventh Cavalry was thrown in line while moving at a gallop, the commanding officer, Captain Hale, riding in advance. With a smile on his face he dashed forward to the cruel death awaiting him.

"Tyler's Second Cavalry was ordered to sweep to the left and then turn down the valley and secure the horses. The Fifth Infantry, under Captain Snyder, was deployed in the rear of the Seventh Cavalry at first, and finally extending the line to the left,



This is a view of the battlefield looking northeast. This picture was taken near where Miles had his rifle pits and about one thousand feet from the cut-bank, which is to the right and not seen in the cut.

charged directly on the camp while the Second was sweeping the valley of the horses.

"When the charge was made the spirited horses of the Seventh cavalry carried that battalion a little more rapidly over the plains than the Indian ponies of the mounted infantry, and it was expected to first strike the enemy with the Seventh. The tramp of at least six hundred horses over the prairie fairly shook the ground, and, although a complete (?) surprise to the Indians in the main, it must have given a few minutes' notice, *for as the troops charged against the village the Indians opened a hot fire on them.* (Italics are mine.) This momentarily checked the advance of the Seventh Cavalry, which fell back, but for only a short distance, and was quickly rallied again and charged forward at a gallop, driving that portion of the Indian camp before it."

N. C. Titus

Says: "With slight reconnaisance, Col. Miles ordered Capt. Hale to form his battalion (three companies of the Seventh Cavalry) in battle line advance and charge direct the southern end of the camp, Capt. Tyler, with two companies of the Second Cavalry and thirty Cheyenne scouts, was ordered to approach the north end of the camp and prevent the escape of the Indians and capture the ponies. Miles approached the left with three companies of mounted infantry. The Seventh trotted forward in battle line and from Col. Miles' column could be seen sweeping forward over the undulating prairie, in the depressions out of sight; on the ascending slopes and succeeding ridges, the orderly columns reappear and roll over the crest and disappear. They are at last near the lodges, they are lost to view of their anxious comrades; for a few minutes the dreadful silence is unbroken; then a few scattered shots are heard, followed by the terrible roar and din of musketry. All are in suspense and press forward to learn the fate of the gallant men of the Seventh. Some minutes pass in awful uncertainty, when Lieut. Eckerson, alone, covered with blood from his wounds, rushed to Col. Miles with the words: 'I am the only d——d man of the Seventh Cavalry who wears shoulder straps, alive.' In fact he had seen every officer shot down, either killed or wounded.

"Miles ordered the infantry to attack and the four-pound Howitzer to occupy the ridge northwest of the Indian camp. In this attempt one rider and two out of the four mules were killed, the gun left pointing toward the attacking force until night, when it was stationed for defense."

Miles continues: "The Fifth Infantry, under Capt. Snyder, charged forward to the very edge of the valley and opened a

deadly fire with their long range rifles (it was good that they were long range) with telling effect.

"The infantry swept around to the left to enclose that portion of the camp and force the Indians into a ravine. A great part of the line encircling the Indian camp was dotted with dead and wounded soldiers and horses. The fight had been sudden, rapid and most desperate on both sides.

"Capt. Carter in one charge had thirty-five per cent of his command placed 'hors de combat.' I felt positive that we had secured the beleagured Indians in their camp without a possibility of escape. I did not, therefore, order a general assault, as I knew it must result in the loss of many valuable lives and possibly a massacre. (Massacre of whom? No doubt he meant his command.) The Indians occupied a crescent-shaped ravine and it was apparent that their position could only be forced by a charge or a siege. The first could not be accomplished without too great a sacrifice.

"My one concern was the Sioux Indians under Sitting Bull only fifty miles away in Canada. On the morning of the third day of the siege the ground was well covered with snow and scouts reported a large body of black objects on the distant hills, moving in our direction. This occasioned much excitement among the troops, and every eye was turned to the north, from whence it was feared that Sitting Bull might come. I watched this with much anxiety. It was soon found to be buffalo. It was surely a relief to know it.

"Joseph came out under a flag of truce, and from him we learned that the principal chief, Looking Glass*, and four other chiefs had been killed, besides a large number of others killed or wounded. He was informed that he must surrender.

"While Joseph was in our camp I directed Lieut. Jerome to ascertain what they were doing in the village, supposing that he would go to the bluff and look over into the camp. But misunderstanding my instructions, he went down into the ravine, whereupon he was seized and held until he was exchanged for Joseph.

"Howard came up on the evening of the fourth and Joseph surrendered at ten the next morning. Those who surrendered with Joseph and those taken outside the camp numbered four hundred. There were twenty-six killed in all and forty-six wounded.

"I had twenty-two killed and forty-three wounded."

Joseph surrendered to Miles on one condition; that he was to be allowed to return to his home in Oregon. Miles says that

*Looking Glass was killed at Big Hole—(Noyes).



PHOTO NO. 4.

This is the "Last Stand." The arrow points up the coulee with the two mouths. A is the triangular piece of ground with the base along the creek. One can see the pits or holes in which the Indians hid in these coulees. It was easy for them to get water by going down the coulees as the soldiers were careful not to get too near.

H is where the Indian horses were when the fight began and where the cannon were planted. This view is west. There are four small trees that mark this "Last Stand." At the point where this picture was taken, which is on the low bluff, just to the east, there is an Indian rifle pit which gave the Indians full view of the plains, as seen in No. 1, as both pictures were taken from the same place. Just across the coulee and not 100 feet away is another rifle pit which they used.

he agreed to those terms but that the Government did not sanction it. Now you do not need to read between the lines, for the fact stands out as clear as the noon-day sun, that Miles did not surprise Joseph but the soldiers were themselves surprised and did not know what to do after they had met their first rebuff when the Seventh charged the camp. It was in that one charge that about fourteen out of the twenty-two were killed and over half of the wounds were received. The repulse was of such a nature that the soldiers got back to a place of safety. Miles says they fell back. Louie Shambow, a man who had been in more Indian fights than Miles, said that if they had charged, fifteen minutes would have decided the conflict as there were twice as many soldiers as there were Indians. Miles tells us that four hundred surrendered. Did he any place tell in his life's story of what this *four hundred* consisted? No, but others who wanted to play fair, tell you that there were *eighty-nine men, one hundred and eighty-four women* and *one hundred and forty-seven children.* That kind of an outfit it took Miles six days to get and yet he said they were "slumbering in their tents." If he was right and those sleeping Indians put up such a scrap where would he and his troops have been if those Nez Perce warriors had been awake when the charge was made?

How many men did Miles have? Some say four hundred, some say three hundred and fifty whites and thirty Cheyenne scouts. Miles said: "The tramp of at least *six hundred horses* over the prairie fairly shook the ground."

Joseph had made the most wonderful retreat in the history of the world. He had taken his men, women and children and property for nearly two thousand miles through the enemy's country and had fought several battles, all of which were to his credit. Here on the cold, bleak plains of northern Montana, when the cold blasts of an early fall with its chilling storms of snow made it too disagreeable without fire, for the women, children and wounded, he had to quit. His almost indomitable spirit was broken because the assistance he had expected from his Red brothers had been withheld; yes, turned to the assistance of the white race, which had never been anything but an enemy to the natives of America.

To give some idea of the kind of men the whites stripped of their native land and forced into exile the writer has appended the following comments.

Gibbon, after the fight at Big Hole: "Who would have believed that those Indians would have rallied after such a surprise and made such a fight?"

Titus said: "The humanity and noble generosity of the Nez Perces in caring for the wounded soldiers on the battlefield fur-

nish the brightest page in Indian history. In fact the Nez Perce had never scalped or mutilated the bodies of their dead foes or tortured a prisoner."

Gen. Howard: "The leadership of Chief Joseph was indeed remarkable. No general could have chosen a safer position."

Speaking of the battle on the Salmon river he says also: "Joseph was able to hold out for several days against twice his numbers at the battle of the Bear's Paw."

Again Howard said: "And even at last, the natural resources of his mind did not fail him. Broken in pieces by Miles' furious assault, burdened with his women, children and plunder, suffering from the loss of his still numerous, though badly crippled herd of ponies, yet he was able to entrench and hold out for days against twive his numbers."

Let us acknowledge that this was a *man*.

Mrs. James Dorrity's Story.

"I was a little girl of nine when the battle on Snake creek took place. I remember of hearing the cannon, though, it was ten or twelve miles away. My uncle Bent had been to the battle field and on his return trip was captured by the Nez Perces who took his clothes away and sent him home in a blanket. (Mr. Bent says this is not wholly correct, that they only took part of his clothes, as the reader will see in Bent's experience in another place.) There was a little Nez Perce girl whom I afterward met who managed to escape from the Indian camp.

"She got a short distance down Snake creek where she found some horses, one of which she managed to catch. By using a part of her clothing she managed to make a kind of a bridle so she could ride and guide the pony. She was riding down a coulee when all at once she saw two Indian women rise out of some bushes. One of them had a broken arm. They persuaded her to help them. She, in helping the wounded one on the horse, pushed her clear over, and though the woman cried with pain, she, girl like, could not help laughing. Years after, when she was telling me, she could not keep a straight face.

"Along the Milk river in those days there were many half-breeds living in cabins—really a considerable settlement—the girl took the Indian women to one of these places—from which they could be assisted to escape into Canada. The young girl went to Fort Belknap and when a little older married Left Hand, an Assinniboine. Both of them died, later, on the reservation. She was part Flathead—her father belonging to that tribe—and happened to be on a visit to her grandparents in Idaho when the war started, so never got back to her people. She spoke very good English.



PHOTO NO. 5.

This is the grave in which twenty-two soldiers were buried. They were moved to Assinniboine and later to Custer. This is just across a coulee from the cut bank to the east, and is in a slight depression.

"The Indians at Fort Belknap were not allowed to harbor a Nez Perce. Two Indian women and three men came for succor; they were taken to a lodge where they were fed their breakfast then driven to a large sandbar on the river, about five or six miles west of Chinook, where they were killed by Long Horse, a Gros Ventre.

"One of the Indian women had the papoose sack on her back filled with the clothing of her dead baby, of which she was so careful she would not allow any one to touch. This was a brutal thing to do but the whites, especially General Miles, had told the Gros Ventres that they must not harbor a Nez Perce under pain of death themselves.

"Whether Long Horse was really mean, and did this brutal act for fun, or whether he was actuated through fear of what Miles had said can never be known as he is dead and can never tell his story.

"And the woman, an Assinniboine, who rode to see the death of the Nez Perces, died last year, so we can never probably know the exact truth. According to the story of the Flathead girl Joseph had been in camp on Snake creek for four days before he was attacked by the soldiers.

"Joseph thought he had passed beyond the point where there would be any more danger from the whites. Buffalo were abundant and Snake Butte was black with them. They had killed and were curing and jerking meat for their winter's use and had several par fleshes full of the meat in their lodges and they were more or less a protection when they were attacked.

"It was after both of her grandparents had been killed that she made her escape. It was surely a sad thing to think about; these Indians who had never injured any one until driven to fight by the misdeeds of the whites whom they had never injured, even when they could have done so with safety, could not go to their own race and receive the protection that one would extend to a stray dog. After all their struggles they had to succumb to the strength of the white men and to their rapacity.

"I will always remember this cruel thing with horror."

CHAPTER X.

Stories of Plainsmen.

Billy Cochran.

"I was born within two miles of Atlanta, Ga., June 13th, 1844. My last work in the east was steamboating on the Missis-

sippi river between St. Louis and St. Paul. Father was the captain of the Pembina. Came to the conclusion to go west, so outfitted at Burlington, Iowa, in March, 1861. We crossed the Missouri at Plattsmouth and followed up the South Platte all the way to the mouth of Cherrie and was on that stream all winter.

"June 1st, 1862, went to Salt Lake via old Fort Bridger. We had started for the Salmon River country and at Salt Lake we heard of the discovery of gold on Gold Creek. We pulled out and went up and prospected some along the Snake, with no success, and arrived at the mines in Bannack the first of October. We remained there that winter and the next spring a party of us went prospecting. The party consisted of John Morehouse, my uncle, John Cochran, Bill Bevins, Jeff Perkins, Adam Miller, better known as 'Horn' Miller, and myself. We got some ground in Alder but by August first had discovered Bevin's gulch, which was named for Bill as he panned the first pan of dirt. (There was a trial by the miners' court of a young man accused of robbery and the judge was a man by the name of Darwin, the story will be found in the 'Story of Ajax'.) Bevins was a rich camp No. 6 above discovery, paid fifty dollars to the man per day. I continued to stay around Bevins till June, '64, when I went to Benton for a short time but came back and the winter of '64-5 went on the Silver Bow stampede where I only remained one month. In February, '65, I went to Helena and got some ground on Grizzly, where we made a little money. Later we located Ora Fino park. Our party consisted of Bill Williams, Dick Jones, Henry Newton, John Hardrick and my brother John and myself. We made some money when we had water. (I left Bevins with $28,000.) We worked all the summer of '65 and then came down on the Missouri, as related to you in my last fall's talk.

"In 1866 I went to work for the Northwest Fur company, fifteen miles above the mouth of the Musselshell and built old Fort Holly.

"Jim Wells, George Boyd, Charlie Conklin, ——— Fox, Louie Brampar, Jake Leader and Jack Brown were there after the post was hung up. Fort Peck was built in 1867 and I was there. I recall a little thing that happened on a hunting expedition; there was Bill Martin, O. B. Nevins and myself in the party. We needed meat so we went for buffalo. Everything was going along smoothly and we were getting plenty of game when the first we knew when we were going back to the fort we were ambushed by about forty or fifty Indians who had heard us shooting and wanted to get us. We met them right in the trail. We managed to stand them off until after dark and made our escape; they got me in the leg.



BILLY COCHRAN.
Who built the first Trading Post in what is now Blaine County.

"In 1866 McGinnis brothers had a wood yard at the mouth of the Musselshell. Jack Brown, O. B. Nevins, John Dillon, Adam Armstrong and myself were at Holly. A young fellow deserted from Camp Cook and had started to work for McGinnis. Along about the latter part of September one of the McGinnis boys came to Holly, where he arrived in the morning, and told us a war party had killed the young man whom they had working for them. He said he was sure he was dead, though he had not seen him. We went up and found the young man, he was dead with his head cut off and smashed with an axe.

"There were two men at work cutting hay a short distance up the river from us. Three days after we got back from burying the boy, Jack Brown, George Boyd and myself were out on the river bank in the evening when we were startled by hearing some one shouting from the other side of the stream. It was too dark to see anything but Jack said that was surely a white man that was hallooing so he called but got no reply. We had a skiff and could have gone over but the Indians once in a while did those things to entice one over into their ambush so, as we received no answer, we did not go.

"The next morning our outfit was hired to go up the river and hunt for the two men. We took a mackinaw and cordelled it up the stream. We knew the bottom where they had been at work and were going toward it when about half way up we ran onto some tracks on a sand bar. This bar was about seventy-five yards in width, that is, it was about that distance from the river back to the brush. We followed the tracks back to the river bank and in the bushes there was a large log. When we came to it Nevins said: 'These tracks are fresh, could have only been made recently.' I jumped on this log so I could look around a little and was not surprised to see a man lying naked, just on the other side. He had on one sock. He was dead, though he had only been dead a little while. He was mutilated in a most horrid and unmentionable way. We continued on to their camp, which we found destroyed, but could find no traces of the partner. Indians afterwards told us that they had seen a crazy man who was naked out there somewhere in the breaks of the Missouri.

"In November of 1867 Adam Armstrong, O. B. Nevins and myself left Old Fort Holly and came out by our old fort on Rock creek, put out poison for wolves, then followed Beaver creek to the mouth and made our camp at Tiger Buttes. We wintered there that winter. Wolves were plenty and we were getting more than we could handle. We would always skin those that were found before they were frozen and pile the frozen ones up and cover them with brush or anything that came handy so we could find them when winter broke up. It is a fact

that by spring we had so many that we needed help to skin them so Nevins and I went to Peck and hired three men, Henry Keiser, John Dillon and Bill Martin, to help us. We were to pay them five dollars a day; we had no grub, had been living on meat straight for eight months and for about three months without salt.

"As it required a lot of meat we would hunt, that is the partners, each alternate day. It came my day to hunt and, as three days before, I had seen a bear track I was very anxious to secure him as the meat we had been getting was very thin at that season of the year while a bear might furnish us with some grease. In the meantime the men were all busy in taking off the hides. This was on the banks of the Milk river and at points where the buffalo had to enter the river they had made deep trails in the bank. It was about a mile from where the boys were at work that I saw something dark in one of these trails. I thought it was a bear and pulled down to fire when five or six Indians jumped for the brush on each side of the trail.

"I had a Henry rifle, one of the first in that section, which had cost me $180. I also had a muzzle-loader which I generally used for game. I want to say that I had killed an elk and was getting out of the timher wben I saw my bear?

The Indians had gone over the cut bank, but as the river was full of ice they could get no farther. There was a coulee that ran from the river back to the buttes and I thought by making for that there would be some possibility of reaching the boys, save my scalp, as well as theirs as there was a chance that they did not know anything about a war party being out at that time of the year. I made for the coulee and got in it and was running back toward the buttes when I was seen by the Indians, forty-two of them, and they separated and tried to head me off. When I started to run they shot and hit me in the back of the neck but as it was a spent arrow the thickness of my buckskin shirt saved my life, though there is a scar which I am still packing. I had unslung my Henry and it was owing to that that I got away because I was doing something that the Red fellows did not understand, shooting without stopping to load. My first shot killed one and the second hit one in the leg. Armstrong and Nevins heard me shoot and they came to my rescue. We managed to escape and reach camp, where they held us for three days without even allowing us to build a fire. They were making it so disagreeable for us that we came to the conclusion to get away as we had nothing to eat and were getting no rest that any one could enjoy. I knew the Indian nature well and was sure they would never leave us till they had killed some one to get even on the fellow which I had shot the first day. At the end of the third day, in the night, we went to the river as the ice had

run out, and in the dark found three dry logs big enough to hold up our guns and into that cold water we went and swam to the other side and went to a butte where they kept us three days. We could not build a fire and could not shoot anything so had to depend for food on the poisoned carcasses of the buffalo which we had put out for wolves. Of course we knew there was no danger as the manner in which we had put the poison out was to skin the front part of the animal and scarify it into which we sprinkled the strychnine. This left the hind-quarters perfectly good so we felt safe on trying to satisfy our hunger on the meat that had been killed for other purposes.

"I forgot to say that the other boys, believing us dead and seeing the large number of Indians which had attacked us, made for Peck as fast as they could go.

"We at last came to the conclusion to go back to camp and also try and find the boys whom we had left skinning the wolves, not knowing that they were in a place of safety. When we got to the river we got some dry logs with which to make a raft and try and get over without getting wet. All we had was willows with which to bind the logs together. Armstrong was placed so he could watch the other bank and to see if there were any Indians in sight. Our idea was to get the raft ready and get on and keep close to the shore till we could drift down far enough to land on the opposite side in a place free from brush. Everything was ready and Armstrong was called and as soon as he reached us he told us that the timber on the other side was full of Indians and that we were to get up on the bank as soon as we could, but not till he came down and held the raft, for if we were to leave in a hurry the Indians would think that we had discovered them and they would shoot us before we could get up the bank, but if he came down they might get us all when we got to the other side. He came down and got hold of the logs and told us to get, and we did, where we were soon safe but they got poor old Adam by the time he had gotten to the top of the bank and before he could get to a place of safety behind a tree. The wound was clean through his body and he died that afternoon. We got him back into the brush where we stayed so we could hide the body and figure on making our escape.

"We managed to get away and went to Peck, where we found the others safe. We got Dillon and Bill Martin to come back so we could get Armstrong's body and give it decent burial.

"We did not save all of our hides but managed to get 1,700 rafted down the Milk to the Missouri where we waited for a boat so we could sell them.

"There had been a mail contract from Diamond City to Fort Abercombrie on the Red River of the North. I packed mail on

this route for a time and then came to the conclusion to go down the Missouri. A couple of us got in a skiff and went down to Randall, from Fort Union. When I got to Randall I hired out as scout and courier to Capt. Otis (?) I carried mail for him between two of the posts till the spring of '72, when I bought two four-mule teams and began to freight between Randall and the Spotted-Tail Agency, 300 miles, head of White River.

"On one of the trips I had charge of Huston's six teams and with us were thirteen teams that belonged to another outfit with Bill Emery as wagon boss. We camped at the crossing of White river which was half way and the stock were all turned out and the night herders took them in charge and put them on good feed. It was the custom for them to start for camp early in the morning just before day. As they came in they would call one of us who would go out and take charge till they had their breakfast, then the stock would be harnessed and we would pull. The next morning early the herders called and I went out to meet them and asked where the stock was and they said that they were in the river bottom a short distance below. A person could not see any thing at that time in the morning so I concluded to ride so as to be far enough down the stream to be below the stock, which was a mixed bunch of horses, cattle and mules. Just about daylight I could hear the mules running so I started to head them off as they were going down the stream and away from camp. The first thing I knew the horse was shot and the bullet hit me in the foot. I turned and started my horse for the higher ground but looked and saw some one on the other side of the river and pulled my gun to shoot, when some other fellow to the side or kind of back of me shot and hit me in the side right under my right arm as it was raised to shoot. The bullet went almost through me and lodged near my left shoulder blade. My horse ran about five hundred yards when he fell dead. I fell by his side and soon saw two Indians sneaking up to get me but that was their last sneak because I hit one of them as he was coming toward me in a stooping position, in the top of the head and as the other fellow straightened up he got his and fell close by his chum. It was about five that afternoon before the boys found me.

"The Indians had seen me but they did not dare come within gun shot. In those days if you were hauling for the Government and the Indians raided your train you would get pay. I was hauling for private parties and as the Indians got all my stock and the freight I had to pay $2,000 beside the loss of my outfit. That broke me completely as I was in the hospital for eight months. Of course my first act was to stuff a part of my shirt into the wound and keep from bleeding to death.

"After I got so I could travel I went to Cheyenne and got a couple of horses and with Tom Russell went to Salt Lake City. My uncle, John Morehouse, was there. I wintered with him that winter and came back to Montana in '73.

"About that time I was packing mail from Randall; the distance was quite a long ways. There was one station where I generally put up and one day when I came there I noticed several fellows who went out a little before I did and when I came up they surrounded me and rode for a short distance when one of them said: 'What have you got in the sack?' I told him that I did not have anything that he wanted but he replied that he would be the judge as to that and for me to fork it over. I turned and they had me covered so that it would have been foolish for me to try and help myself. They took the sack and I rode to the post where we formed a posse and went back. Sommers, the leader, was killed but we never found the other fellows. (When Billy said: 'Sommers was killed but I did not kill him,' I had to take his word for it but there was something in his eyes that belied the words as it is known that few men ever on the frontier were ever in his class when it came to shooting, but of course there was a posse there at the time and some of the others may have shot first.) This put an end to a tough gang because as soon as the leader was killed the others never came back. They went to Canada.

"To resume, in the fall of '76 I was in Deadwood, White's gulch. Pike Landusky and I were going to Spearfish for some reason and when we got ready to start were told that the Indians had stolen some cattle from a sawmill company and that they would give us twenty-five dollars a head for all we could find.

"When we got to Centennial valley we were overtaken by five or six others and they reported that the Reds had stolen a big band of horses. We went on and soon overtook them but most of them got away. There was one whom we were chasing so close that he quit his horse and jumped over a cut-bank into some wild cherry bushes. These bushes were so thick that we could not see any one. Soon others came and there was plenty to surround the place and get him if he showed himself. They rolled rocks down but he simply took them and made a breast work so that he would be pretty safe if any one went down. The place was shot so full that no one could hardly think that he could possibly be alive. A man by the name of Brown said he was going in and get that fellow and we tried to dissuade him but it was no use so he went down, saw the Indian and shouted: 'I've found him,' and there was a shot and Brown was dead. Another fellow went in and he was killed also.

"All the other fellows quit except Pike and myself but as Pike wanted to stay we did and just about daybreak the fellow came out, supposing all had gone, in which he made the mistake of his ife for it was soon safe enough to go in and get the two bodies. I never traveled with a better man than Pike Landusky. I was a messenger on the stage coach in the Hills in '76. In '77 I was at the Crow Agency and went with Howard to Miles' battle field on Snake Creek."

Few men in Montana have a more interesting life study than the study of this sketch. I regret very much that it was not possible to get more of the interesting incidents that have been a part of his life. There is too much of interest left untold and before long we must get it for the future historian. He is the sub-agent of the Belknap Indian reservation, and resides at Hayes.

William Bent.

This man is one who has had a most varied experience.

The son of Col. Bent, the noted frontiersman who built Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, in Colorado, was born in St. Louis in 1846. He was the nephew of the famous Kit Carson by a marriage. Mr. Bent said: "I remember Carson and Freemont and have eaten with them when they had been at my father's house after some of their trips that have helped to make the story of our country. In the light of my own experience I can come to but one conclusion and that is my Uncle Kit was an over-rated man. These same hair-breadth escapes, these same trials caused by hunger and cold have been gone through by many a man who has helped to make this country and not one word has been written into the story of their deeds. Kit happened to have his lines cast close to those of Freemont, who had a way of using his pen to advantage; and getting himself into the limelight of public opinion and approval. So it has been with many of the men of our frontier. The famous Buffalo Bill never could hold a dim light to some of the men who are living today in Blaine county. Many of these may have never been heard of on account of their modesty."

William Bent is about five feet and eight inches tall and shows that he has had a good constitution. I do not know what the color of his hair has been but at this time it is gray. His eyes are blue and his voice low and pleasing. There is no sign of displeasure in mode or jesture, when speaking of things which most men would rather forget. His whole make-up is one that would distinguish him as a plainsman who had been brought up under such an environment that he has taken it for granted that he had his life cut out for him and that it was filled, more or less, with enjoyment. That he married Indian women and made them the



BILL BENT. "DADDY" MINUGH.

Two Characters of Milk River.

respected mother of his children is something that the ordinary reader unfamiliar with the early days of the western territories, can never be made to understand. These men, like Bent, introduce you to their wives and children with as much pride as would the whitest of white men to the whitest of white women. And why not? When these men came to make it possible for the chicken-hearted, of these days to come, after all the real rough places had been planed off the map, and establish homes where they can live in no fear of the wild beast or the more savage men who once roamed these hills, valleys and mountains, they did not find any other to mate with but the daughters of Red Men. That they took them in a legal way, some times, there can be no doubt. Not all of them were high-minded enough to unite themselves in wedlock as many of them simply bought their women to discard them and leave them the fruits of that connection to rear as best they could.

No father can love his white child with any more affection than do the fathers of these half-caste youngsters. When I say that I mean any of those men who are worthy to be fathers. The reason is, as explained to me by one of them, as follows: "Can't you understand that these children are to become handicapped in their race for life because of their blood? Well understanding that you must know that the right kind of a father feels that he has been responsible for their lot and for that reason tries in every way possible to make their lives as pleasant as he can by throwing his love and protection about them."

No man has had any more to do with the cilivization of the Milk river than Bill Bent. We will not say that he settled in this section with that end in view, as that would not be correct. The establishing of the reservation was somewhat due to his influence over the Indians as well as was the treaty to allow the building of the railroad.

The Indians have seemed at all times to have had confidence in him. Bent has not been one who has made it his life's work to profit by his knowledge of them and of their ways.

He can leave no other heritage than the one that comes to the Indian as his right, the right to select a piece of land whenever the reservation is thrown open. In other words, he has not made a fortune through his connection with the people. Right here I want to say that I believe that the white man, instead of teaching the Indian to work, has himself, like the Indian, learned to follow the lines of least resistance.

"My father was Col. Wm. Bent who built Bent's fort on the Arkansas. Mother was Sarah Sullivan and came from Indiana. Her folks before her fought at Valley Forge and nearly, as I could ascertain, in every war since. My father was a frontiers-

man and had several Indian wives before he married my mother. He and Kit Carson married sisters, that is Indian women.

"I was born in 1846 in St. Louis. One of my father's brothers was Provisional Governor of New Mexico and was killed by the Mexicans. Just when I do not know. (It took place in 1847.) When I was a small boy I went with Lieut. Gunnison and his men to explore the Gunnison river. My father supported Albert Sidney Johnson during the trouble with Mexico. Old Col. Leavenworth was also a friend of father's.

"I went to school, in a kind of private school at St. Louis, and my room-mates were two Spaniards who were the sons of Senor Romero, a minister to the United States during Grant's administration. These boys were Fernando and Bernado. Fernando killed Bernado while at school. I remained in school for quite a long time as mother was trying to keep me out of the war. An uncle said I was old enough to go to war and help save his negroes. When mother died, as some of my friends were going to join the army, I went with them and remained till it was over. I was wounded at Chickamauga, in the second day's fighting.

"When I returned to St. Louis I thought some of going to Mexico to join Maximilian but instead drifted north and came to Atchison and met Bill Anderson, one of Quantrell's men. I remained for a while with an old fellow named Murphy and then drifted west with some people into the Platte country and there fell in with a Spaniard called 'Sago.' We wandered around quite a lot and at last got into the Yellowstone park from which place we went via Bozeman to Virginia City, where we arrived in June, 1866. I did not mine, though I was offered $8.00 per day to do so. I left the same summer and went into Dry Gulch near Helena. I left Helena with Henry McDonald and went down to the Musselshell country. We drifted around there until that winter and in 1866-7 rode the Pony Express from Diamond City to Fort Hawley on the Missouri.

"Two men always rode together. Two went from Hawley to Wolf Point. (That point received its name from a large number of wolves that had been caught and piled up by Charlie Conklin and two other fellows, but the Indians came and they never got a chance to skin them.) The route extended on past Union, Devil's Lake to Fort Abercombrie, on the Red River of the North. I quit riding the spring of '68. 'Liver Eating' Johnson rode one or two trips with me. While I was riding with Johnson was when I first met Billy Cochran; he was camping at the east end of the Little Rockies.

"In the fall of 1868 they began to hire men at Fort Benton to build Fort Browning on Peoples creek in the Milk river country. This was about the fourth day of August and Hubbel and

Hawley, the Northwest Fur company hired the men to build a trading post and a place for a representative of the government. After the Fort was finished there were too many men and we were told to look out for ourselves. Bill Hamilton, one of the men, said, 'Boys, suppose we go into the Little Rockies and hunt for gold.' Bill would not work at the fort as he would not work at anything like that, he was trapping and hunting most of the time. We formed a party with Bill as leader. Bill, Joe Wye, Fred Merchant, John Thomas, myself and three others made the party. This was in the fall of 1868. We went round on the east end of the mountains and prospected on Dry Beaver. We found gold, but not in paying quantities, and that was, to my knowledge, the first gold found in the Little Rockies." In reply to a question Mr. Bent said: "I heard, through a man named Grinnell, that some men who had been mining in the west went east and on their return got off the boat and went into the Little Rockies and were never heard of afterward. Grinnell was later killed by the Indians.

"The ground froze up on us before we could do much and we threw everything in the mining line away. Bill was not very religiously inclined and after the ground froze up he cussed God Almighty. We killed some elk and packed the skins to Benton. I stayed there a while and took supplies back for wolfing on the Milk river. The wolfing party consisted of the same men with the exception of Joe Wye, who would not come. We went on the Upper Milk river into the Piegan country." (Here some incidents happened to come into the old man's mind and we record them because they are too good to miss.) "I want to tell you a little story about Major Culbertson and Agent Fenton. The major was a great lover of whisky and one winter at Old Fort Belknap the major was pretty full most all winter and no one could tell where he was getting his supply. There was a cellar in the cabin in which Culbertson lived and Fenton was agent. That fall the Indians brought in a two-headed buffalo calf and as it was a curiosity, Fenton wished to secure it, so he could take it the next spring back to the Smithsonian Institute. In order to keep it he sent for a large keg or small barrel of alcohol and putting the calf head in it put it down cellar for safe keeping. There was no whisky to be kept there as it was an Indian reservation.

"When spring came the agent sent a couple of men down for the keg and told them it was heavy and that they should be careful not to drop and break it. When they got down they found the keg was not at all heavy and so reported to Fenton who, on examination, found that it was too true as there was but little

except dry calf heads as the Major had found and tapped the keg and used the liquor for libations.

Another Incident.

"Old man Meldrum was trading down on the Missouri near Fort Union one time and some Indians came and they seemed to have something on their minds, though he was anxious to trade he could only do so when they got good and ready. There were several different parties of them and they had been around quite a lot since he had seen them and they were recounting the strange things they had seen on their trips. One party said they had seen funny things in the south and the party that thought they had seen the funniest thing was one that had been to Fort Benton. 'We have seen the white man's mother.' Meldrum said: 'Are you sure? Was it the Queen of England or was it a white woman in the country?' 'No, it was the white man's mother and how different from us did God make her. We were raised on our mother's breast but they, the white men, are so different.' Meldrum asked what she looked like and how she was different. 'Well, it did not look like us, it was spotted and had a tail.' The white men had a milk cow at Benton and the Indians sneaked up when they were milking and saw some of them drinking the milk so that was the reason they thought it was the white man's mother.

"The Indians claim that the white men drove the buffalo back into their holes from which they came. They had rounded them all up, drove them into the hole and closed it up so they could not get out. Even 'Old Nosey,' the chief of the Assinniboines, could not be argued out of the question. He said they had done it so as to make the Indian come around to the white man's ways.

"At the time that Major Logan wanted to fence the reservation the Indians did not want it done as they had been fooled so often that they were getting sore. They said if I would come to the council they would listen. It was satisfactorily arranged and the reserve was enclosed.

"I have trapped on all the streams of the Bear's Paw and Little Rockies and have many experiences. In the fall of 1869 a steamer was stuck on a sand bar and could not be moved. She had a load of supplies, whisky, etc. Major Reed said that they would go down and wreck the boat as she had a hole stove in her. He hired several men who were around there and took two teams. Major went himself. I forget all of them but Jim Wells, Anderson, John Thomas, Billie Smith and Steve Tabor and Jim Campbell and several others. They wanted me to go but I told them they were going to get into trouble, so went into the Little Rockies and put in forty-four days alone. This was near

the Middle Butte on the east end. I do not think I am superstitious, but living alone for that length of time got me. I got so things began to puzzle me. Every morning I would go out and get on a big rock where I could look all about. When game was quiet I knew no Indians were about, if it was moving I knew that war parties were out. My wolf baits kept me pretty busy, so busy in fact that I could not skin all of them so had to pile them up. While I was living there alone the game would come right down to the cabin but I was afraid to shoot on account of the Indians.

"I used the fat of the wolf to fry my dough banks in. While in the camp that winter there was one thing that occurred to me which I never could understand. I had been out all day, as the baits had turned up several wolves, and while they were fresh I skinned them. The result was that when I got back to the cabin I was very tired. It was almost dark when I arrived, so I built up a good fire and sat down in a camp chair and began looking at the fire when all at once I seemed to hear a sigh. There was a little hole that I used for light in one end of the cabin not far from where I was sitting. When I heard the noise or whatever it was I turned and cold see a dark face and two large eyes looking at me. I sat there spellbound, could not move hand or foot. The fire was burning brightly and my gun was close to me, but for a time I could not reach for it. I can not say how long I sat there but at last I grabbed my gun and went out but could find nothing, not even a track. That face was just as plain as yours is at this minute, I can't understand what it could have been.

"Another time after I had been out all day with my traps I returned home late in the afternoon. I noticed some tracks. At first I thought it was a bear when I remembered there were no bears in that section. Then I came to the conclusion it was an Indian hunting my cabin. I went into the house and was there a little while when I looked out and noticed something moving on the hillside toward the spring. I went out where I could have a better view and saw the object get down on all fours and drink. When it raised up I could see it was an Indian woman, but in the most terrible condition I ever saw. I drew her attention by whistling and she made a peculiar noise through her teeth. Her feet were bare and her face was frozen till it was black and partly gone. I watched her as she started to move away from me and thought I would shoot her and put her out of her misery. I actually raised my gun to fire the fatal shot but thought better of it and she left. I never saw her afterward, but in relating my story at Browning, some of the Gros Ventres hearing it said she was a Crow. They told the Crows about it and a young man from that tribe came to me and told me that he thought it must

be his mother as she had strayed off from their camp and had become lost. He was very anxious to find her and said his folks were wealthy and that he would give me the finest horse in the Crow tribe, besides other things, if I would go and try and find her. I never went.

The Steamboat Party.

"To return to the party under Major Reed: All the rest of the fellows went with the major. Moses Solomon and Jimmie Dwyer were there also. They went down to Peck first, then started to the wreck and when about ten miles from that post noticed some Indians in the hills. Some thought them Assinniboines. Tom Campbell did not like their action as he knew Indians pretty well. The boys continued on their way, however, and as they were going over some hills they noticed some Indians on both sides. They were not molested but allowed to come down from the hills into the trap the Indians had set for them. The party proved to be Santee Sioux who were hunting elk. Just as soon as they got in the bottom the Indians closed in on them and they tried to withdraw but the Indians kept them going and they began to run their four-horse teams in order to make their getaway but the Indians were running on both sides of the teams and soon began to fire on them. They shot one of the leaders in Mose Solomon's team. Mose then cut his other horses loose from the wagon and the other boys jumped off and ran for a cut bank that was close by. They jumped over the bank into the willows but before they got there they killed McGregor, John Thomas, Steve Tabor and Montgomery. In the meantime Mose and Jimmie Dwyer had jumped on a mule and started to get away with the Indians after them. They shot Mose in one foot and one bullet passed between them without injury. The other fellows were held in the willows. Some of the Indians came up on one side and some on the other and they were so close, so the boys said, that they could hear them drop their trade balls into their guns. Billie Smith killed one of the most noted Indians in the Sioux nation in that fight. The boys were held in the brush till night, when they abandoned their wagons and walked back to Peck. Tom Campbell escaped on a big black horse that belonged to me and brought the news to Peck.

The Nez Perce Campaign.

"A year before the battle, where Joseph was captured by Col. Miles, there were a lot of Nez Perces that came down with horses to trade and some which they gave away as presents to the Assinniboines. They told them that they expected to have

trouble with the whites in the country where they lived. It appears that some of the Nez Perces agreed to the selling of a certain part of their reserve in Idaho but that a large number opposed it but anyway the Government allowed them to be crowded off without their consent. They tried to remain anyway but their agent told them they must move to another place. They explained that it would never do as their stock would be sure to go back to the old range and then there would be trouble with the whites as they would never let them get their stock once it got in their possession. They were right about this, because it actually happened. A short time before the battle I was at Old Fort Belknap when I received word from Fort Benton. Major Algers was in charge of a little band of troops there and he sent word to me to keep the Indians well in hand as the Nez Perces were traveling this way and were fighting down on the Missouri. Murray Nicholson and Eph Woolsey had been paid $500.00 to bring me the letter.

"I at once called the Indians together in council and told them that the people who were here the summer before with all the horses and presents were fighting the soldiers and that the soldiers were after them and coming this way and that the best thing they could do would be not to have anything to do with them as the soldiers would punish all they found in arms. In less than an hour's time after the council was over some of the Nez Perces came. The majority of the Nez Perces were south of the Missouri and coming toward the Bear's Paw. There were five Nez Perces that came. About two days after, quite early in the morning, we heard scattering shots south of us, between us and the Bear's Paw. The Indians who were out in the hills came in and said there was lots of shooting and they thought there must be a battle. A little snow fell that night, about an inch. That evening we heard the big guns and I said the fight is on. The next day we still heard the shooting and I was holding the Indians as close as I could. Some of them wanted to go and find out what was going on, but I told them it would be better for me to go for if I ran into the soldiers I would be safe. So I started and kept going toward the sound and got south of the West Fork of Snake creek and it became so dark that all I could see was the flashes of the guns once in a while. I got up to where I could see the pickets in one place and laid down and waited till morning. As soon as it was light enough I went to one of the men on picket and explained who I was and he told me to go in. I could see the whole thing, the pits of the Indians, and the breastworks of the soldiers, and away back were the tents. I went over and reported to Miles. My first attempt was not very successful for I saw a fellow all togged out whom I saluted as I was sure it was the

general, but noticed that some of them laughed and pointed to another, Miles himself. In my report I told him what the Assinniboines were doing and the orders I had from the War Department through Algers. He told me to go back and keep them in hand and see that they did not get in the fight. I called his attention to the fact that his was but a handful compared with the number of Sioux who were at Pinto Horse Butte under Sitting Bull and that it was only seventy miles, which would be but a short ride for an Indian. I also told him that all of his pits were a defense on the side toward the Nez Perces and that if the Sioux came he would be in a bad fix as they would come in from the rear. (The Nez Perces had sent for the Sioux but they did not come.)

"After going back and telling the Assinniboines what Miles had said I returned to the battlefield. I think it was the fourth day of the fight that Miles, Sweeny, Arthur Chapman, an interpreter from Idaho, Captain John, a Nez Perce, and myself went down to have a talk with the Indians. John was sent down into the pit to talk with the Nez Perces while we laid down peeping over a hill. He rode a pinto horse with a hospital sheet tied to a pole. He would stop and wave the flag and halloo at them and at last he was allowed to approach near enough to carry on a conversation. You could still see them throwing out the dirt, as they were occupying all their spare time fortifying. After a little some of the Indians came out and John went out of sight for a few minutes and then appeared again with six or seven of them. They all had their guns with them and Miles said to Chapman: 'You tell those fellows not to use any treachery because there are hundreds of men looking through their sights ready to shoot.' They shook their heads and came on. Of course we did not know who they were. We started towards Miles' tent but as a lot of officers began to crowd around, the Indians stopped and Miles said to Arthur: 'What's the matter with them?' Chapman replied that they did not like the officers to be so handy so Miles ordered them back as they were confusing the Indians. We all went over to Miles' tent and he got some camp stools for the Indians, but not enough as some had to sit on the ground. They sat there a while and then he said that they had better have a smoke but for the Indians to furnish the tobacco as then they would be sure it was all right. After a while Miles began to talk. He said that it pained him to do what he was doing but it was his duty. They did not make any reply. Captain Baird and another officer were taking down everything that was being said in writing. When Miles was talking he was addressing a very fine tall Indian who was sitting on a stool not far away. When Chapman was doing his interpreting he was looking and talking

to an Indian sitting on the ground. The Indian to whom Miles was talking would hardly say anything but the Indian sitting on the ground would smile. A little while after I noticed an old gray-haired officer come in and stand way back, he only had one arm and the coat sleeve was pinned across his breast. As soon as the Indians saw him they seemed to be awful angry, their eyes blazed. This was Howard.

"Miles once more addressed the Indian sitting on the stool and asked him if he hadn't had enough of this by now. But the Indian did not reply. Miles turned to Chapman and looked for an answer. Chapman had noticed that Miles had addressed all his talk to the particular Indian who would not reply and as Miles looked at him he said (pointing to the one on the ground) Why don't you ask him? Miles said: 'Who is he?' 'That's the leader, Chief Joseph.' Miles was surprised but he got up and handed his stool to the Chief and from that time all his remarks were made to the proper person. Joseph said that White Bird did not want to surrender and that he would take one more night so as to give him a chance to think it over. During that night White Bird escaped with his two wives and went over the line. The next day, the last day of the fight, Miles said: 'I want you to go down to the river and tell the Indians down there not to kill any more Nez Perces. About seven Nez Perces were killed by the Assinniboines.

"The day that Joseph surrendered he said he thought the river was the line and that the Indians would be friendly but as they were enemies he would give up. He handed his gun, muzzle first, to Howard but Howard said: 'No, that man, pointing to Miles, is the one who won it.' He then turned and handed his gun, butt first, to Miles. I have always thought that if Howard had reached for that gun he would have been shot.

My Capture by the Nez Perces.

"When I left the battlefield to go to the river to tell the Indians what Miles had said I was captured by some of the Nez Perces that had escaped. One of them talked to me and said: 'You are a soldier.' To this I said 'No.' He said: 'You are a liar you are a soldier and you came right from them and we saw you.' I replied that I was not a soldier but belonged on the river and that my children were the offspring of an Indian mother. They asked me if I was living with the Indians to talk some of the language to them. I talked Crow and made several attempts to talk several different Indian tongues so they would know that I was not lying. Then they noticed the horse which I was riding and it belonged to the Government. 'Why are you riding a Gov-

ernment horse if you are not a soldier?' I told them that I had a small pony which had played out and that Miles had given me this one so I could go down to the river and do some good work for them. I swore to God in the Indian fashion that I was telling the truth, and they shook hands with me and told me to ride and ride fast. I started out but turned back to say something but they motioned me to keep going on and I took them at their word. Miles had offered me twenty-five ponies, the pick of the band, and five hundred dollars for the capture of White Bird, dead or alive."

Bent is at this date, May, 1917, near the reservation.

Ranch Mouth Snake Creek,
Fort Belknap Ind. Reservation, 7/30—1915.

Mr. Thos. Dowen, Chinook, Mont.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 20th just received. In replying I would say the small brass cannon, you mention in your letter, was brought to the territory, now the State of Montana, early in 1850 in mackinaws (boats) cordelled by Choteau's men, or by Alex Culbertson to Fort Union (afterward Fort Buford), then again to Fort Benton by river; then again down the river to Fort Hawley, above the mouth of the Musselshell river, then when this place (Hawley) was abandoned in 1868 it was hauled by bull team to the new Fort Browning, on Milk river. I was then at Fort Browning helping to build this post when the two cannon were brought there by the Northwest Fur company by Louis Hubble and Geo. Boyd in charge. The mate of this gun is at Fort Belknap Agency now. When we abandoned old Fort Browning in about 1870 we hauled most everything up to the new post, Fort Belknap then being built up to near where Chinook is now. As we had hauled about everything our last, next trip, was to be some flooring we had torn up, and the two brass cannon, one in the northeast and the other in the southwest bastions (block houses) corners of the stockade. In making our next to last trip we had not gone ten miles, when, looking back, we saw an immense column of black smoke and a little while after saw a war party of hostile Sioux Indians following us. We then knew they had burnt the abandoned old Fort. We had left nobody there. Afterwards when we went back we found the old Fort partly destroyed; that is the southwest bastion, was completely burned. This cannon you are asking about was in this fire (bastion); the other cannon, its mate, was taken up to new Belknap, near where Chinook now is; then afterwards to the new Agency near Harlem. These small guns were used twice at Browning on the hostiles. We also used them to salute the friendlys, when large trading



All that is left of the oldest building in Blaine County, the "Old Belknap Agency." "Billy" Skillen, the sage of Milk River, in the doorway.

parties, loaded with buffalo robes and skins, came in to trade with us. There was never any military or soldiers stationed at old Browning, only once, Maj. Freeman with two companies of infantry stayed at old Fort Browning about one month, no others. The most important man in Indian affairs here then was Maj. A. J. Simons; (Alex Culbertson and myself, his interpreters.)

Yours respectfully,

W. BENT.

Harlem, Montana.

If there is any more information you would like on this subject, please let me know.

Joseph Mosser.

"I was born in Alsace, France, July 10th, 1840. I came to the U. S. in 1846, to New Orleans. We came in an old sailing vessel and were sixty-one days on the ocean. My grandfather was with Napoleon and was one of the few who came back from Moscow. (His name was Joseph Martin.) We did not remain very long in New Orleans, but went to Kenton county, Kentucky. I remember seeing Daniel Boone's name carved on a tree on the Licking river. The date was there but I do not at this time recall it. We farmed in the summer and in the winter took bolting and staves down to Cincinnati in flat boats. I was in New Orleans in '61 when the war broke out, when the first gun was fired at Fort Sumpter. We got a steamboat and were captured at Helena, Arkansas, and held three days. They had a grudge against Cincinnati as arms were coming from that city to Arkansas. The boat was the Queen of the West. When I arrived in Cincinnati I tried to enlist but they would not accept me as they said my lungs were too weak. We leased a farm and moved to it in '64. In '64 I left St. Louis for Fort Benton on the steamer Benton. Thomas Ray was captain and Henry A. Dolman chief clerk. We arrived at Benton, June, '64. I did not go to the mines as I saw too many who said provisions were so high that a small amount of money would only last a short time, so I returned to St. Louis on the same boat. I worked up and back and received $65 per month. When we arrived at St. Louis I was put on as watchman for a few trips to Cairo. I was in business in Cincinnati from the summer of 1864 to 1868, and again went to work on the Success, under the same captain and clerk that had run on the Benton. After reaching Benton I went back to the mouth of the Musselshell, then called Kirtzville, at that time supposed to be the county seat of Dawson county. James Brewer (who was afterwards at White Sulphur Springs) was Sheriff. Bert Whitson and some other man were the County Commissioners; no

Judge, just a Justice of the Peace. I was appointed Deputy Sheriff to care for some property (cord wood and a yoke of cattle). There were two stores there at that time, George Clendenning-Montana Hide and Fur company, and Jacob Smith at the head of a Helena firm. I put in my time at that place till some time early in the winter chopping wood. About Christmas I went to Rocky Point and worked for Lohmire and Lee, who had a wood yard. I worked for them until the spring of '69, when I went down to the mouth of the Musselshell with John Duffy in a skiff. It was only a short time after we arrived there that the fight took place between the men in the post and the Santee Sioux. It was ten or eleven in the morning when about 125 or 150 Indians got themselves in readiness to wipe us out. The first we knew we saw them on a rise a short distance away, waving their blankets and shouting that we were dogs, cowards and everything they could think of to belittle one. They shouted that we dare not fight. Finally one of the boys said: 'Let's give the ——— a go anyway.' To this the others agreed. Clendenning said that that would be all right, but not to leave the place in his care all together as we might get into something that we could not carry through in the best kind of shape, or, in other words, we might get wiped out. Some ten or twenty stayed with him.

"There was a deep, cut bank coulee that ran into the Musselshell, a short distance from the fort, and fifty or sixty of the enemy got into that thinking to cut us off from the fort when we went after the fellows on the hill. If it had not been for Jake Leader's dog we would no doubt have fallen into their trap. The dog scented the Indians and looked over at them and Jake followed him up and was peaking over when an Indian shot him in the point of his nose and the bullet came out the back of his head. (See the Story of Billy Cochran). After this four men went across the Musselshell in a skiff, and came up opposite this hole and began to throw shots in so fast the Indians could not stand it so that they had to get out. Thirty-one or thirty-two of them were killed. These men were Frank Smith, James Wells, Joe Girard, a little Frenchman, and someone else. (Cochran says Frank Smith, Jim Wells, G. R. Norris and himself were the four men). The fight did not last long after it got well started, maybe one-half hour. The Indians were too badly scared to return but kept running as long as they could, but some got so full of lead that they had to stop. The last one to get out of the hole was a half-breed boy who ran toward the whites and said: 'Me good Injun,' to which 'Liver Eating' Johnson replied: 'If you are good you are in d——d bad company,' and raising his gun killed him. Then he took out his knife and

cut out the liver and putting one end of it in his mouth took his knife and cut off a piece and said: 'Boys try a piece of this, it is as good as antelope liver.' This act gave J. J. Johnson the name which he ever afterwards carried, 'Liver Eating' Johnson. Soon after this fight I went up to Rocky Point on the first boat. In those days if a person wanted to go any where he was careful not to start till it was dark as the Indians were always lying in wait for him. I was in a good many scraps with the Indians but was very lucky in getting out whole. Three of the boys were killed at Carroll Point. They were old man Lee, Drew Denton and Charlie Williams. These men were going along the river when they saw the Indians and they got into some brush to hide, but the Indians saw the tracks and charged their position. Old man Lee was killed when he rose up and said 'How, How.' He was shot in the head. Williams was flesh wounded in the shoulder; he had a lot of cartridges and a bullet hit some of them and they exploded and he cried out: 'God, Drew, I'm blown up.' Drew replied: 'Never mind that, keep shooting.' That same bunch of Indians were at my place that morning and had run us into the stockade. (This was in April, 1870.) Drew and Williams came up on the other side of the river from us and shouted across to us and we went over and got them about two o'clock in the morning. They said they had fought the Sioux all day and that old Lee was dead. We went down about two days after this and buried him, close to where he fell. There was evidence of a good sized scrap. The Indians told some one that they lost eleven men at that time. This was at Carroll Point. They were trying to make it the head of navigation, instead of Benton. I quit the river in 1871 as the boats quit running, to any extent, and most all the wood yards were abandoned. I had only made a living during my business career on the Missouri. I had five hundred cords of wood (that went into the river afterwards) and one yoke of cattle which were killed by the Reds, so I backed the wagon into the river and let go too. I did this to keep the Indians from getting the spokes with which they made handles for their whips. I had made more money chopping wood for three dollars per cord than I had in running the business for myself. There were only six boats up the river in 1870 and as high as forty were running in the old days before the railroad was built to Corrinne. The railroad changed the conditions on the upper Missouri. When in the wood business on the river we trapped and hunted and tried to make a little extra money in that way. Wolf hides were $2.50; coyote, $1.25; lynx, $5.00; bobcats, $1.50; foxes, $1.25. In 1870 I went to work for Tom Bogy at Claggett (old Camp Cook). That was the year that Billy Claggett was elected to

Congress. The vote for him at that place was unanimous. There were only five of us, just enough for three judges and two clerks. That night we sat in a game of freeze out and played to see who would have the pay we were to get as judges and clerks of the election. I won the pot and sold my script to Tom Powers for sixty cents on the dollar. I was helping Bogy at anything needed and would have charge of the store whenever he was away. We had four horses which the Indians swam the Missouri and stole from us. I had gone to get them, not knowing that there were any Indians near. The boys shouted for me to come and, supposing the Reds were right on top of me, crawled under a cut bank. These were Fort Peck Indians, as we got the horses back from them a little later.

"To go back a little in my experience on the river. I will say that in '64 we had left a barge at Fort Benton as he had advertised that we would take passengers. We had gone down to Fort Gilpin (Gilpin was an old Indian trader) for freight but could not get back on account of low water. While near this place we were cutting wood when the Indians came and chased us back on the boat—only one man was hit. This was my first experience with wild Indians in their real wild state. I did not think that these fellows meant any trouble till they began to shoot. I made for the boat under a cut bank, stubbed my toe and fell over and over. I heard one of the boys say 'They have got one of our men.' I raised up running and replied 'Not by a d——n sight.' I was soon on board. We cut the line and throwed the anchor out till we could get up steam. We wanted to get an Indian head for a trophy to stick up on the flag staff. We were never able to get it as there were too many Reds out there in the timber and the boys kept shouting for us to come in as they could see the enemy all about us.

"We had to wait for the barge before we could pull out. When it did come it had forty or fifty men who were going down with us. We sold the barge and pulled out. It was no picnic in those days steamboating on the Missouri. In 1872 I left Benton and went to Bismark and from there to Covington, Ky., where I bought a news stand in the postoffice. It was only a short time after this when carriers were established and the people no longer came after their mail, so it broke me. Jesse R. Grant, the father of General U. S. Grant, was the postmaster at that time.

"In seventy-five I came back to Claggett, as Bogy had kept writing to me. This gave me a job as soon as I got off the boat. (Bogy sold soon after this to Jim Wells.) Bogy was to go north and establish a line of posts so went east for goods. I did not go with him as T. C. Power wanted me to stay with Wells. I

remained at this place till March, '76, and went to Benton and became a watchman on the levee, as they did not have warehouse room.

"In June I went to Bismark and from there to the Black Hills, Deadwood, seeking a fortune in gold mines, chasing fantoms as it were. I stayed there till '78, but did not succeed. I got into Deadwood a few days before Wild Bill was killed and heard the shot that killed him. That was truly a tough place.

"Those were the days when the Indians were bad. In fact, they had become such a menace that the merchants of Deadwood offered a bounty of $25 for all Indian heads brought in. A greaser brought one in and collected his pay and a short time after this a Texan came riding up the street (Main street) with an Indian head tied to the end of his lariat, quirting his horse all the way up. He made such a show of himself that he could not collect the bounty. He was very angry and said: 'You would pay a greaser but you would not pay a white man.'

"Calamity Jane came in with Crook's soldiers. She was a mighty fine looking girl. She always dressed in buckskins.

"I left the Black Hills and went to Old Fort Belknap and went to work for Tom O'Hanlon. We had come from the 'Hills' on horseback but had no trouble. Major Lincoln was the agent in those days.

"I remained for two years with O'Hanlon and then bought a freight team and began to haul from Benton to Belknap. Fort Assinniboine was started in '79. I hauled freight to it also, from Rocky Point.

"I also hauled grain from Maple Creek, Canada, to Assinniboine. T. C. Power had had the contract to furnish corn and oats to the post and as the grain could not come up the river on account of low water the grain was shipped in bond to Canada on the Canadian railroad and hauled to Assinniboine by team. Major Field, who succeeded Lincoln at Belknap, was a mighty fine man and though this was an Indian Reservation he told me he had inside information that the reservation would soon be thrown open and that I had better settle some place—any place I chose.

"In 1884 I cut 1260 tons of hay on Big Sandy for the Post at two dollars per ton, cutting and bunching. Broadwater had the contract and got twenty dollars delivered.

"Owing to the advice of Field I went to Clear Creek and located a ranch about thirty miles from Chinook. I put the first trout into that stream that were ever in it, they were furnished by the Government and had come from Colorado, 8,000 fingerlings. There had been no trout in any of the streams that ran

to the Milk river. There were some on the south side in Eagle and Birch. Birch was full of them in 1876.

"Bear's Paw was full of elk, deer, mountain sheep and buffalo. One season a party of us had come to hunt elk in the Bear's Paw but the buffalo had eaten the grass off so we had to go back. On this trip I got snow blind and they had to tie me on my horse and take me back to the Musselshell.

"I run cattle and horses on my Clear Creek ranch till 1916, when I sold out and moved to Chinook to reside. I had seen the oats grow in favorable seasons in the tracks of the roundup wagons but could not believe that such land would ever grow crops in paying quantities. I had seen Milk River without any water except what was in holes and the fact that Old Fort Belknap was located where it was, was because there was a large hole there that never went dry.

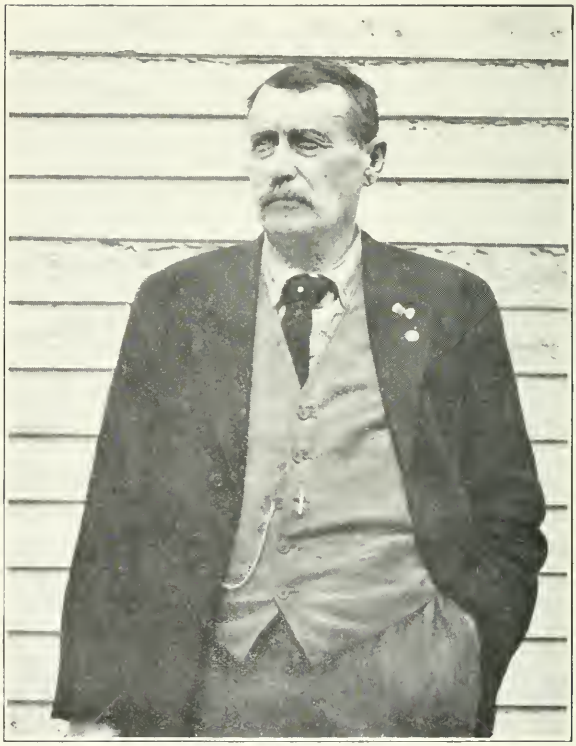
"The cattle business began in '78 in a small way by Tom O'Hanlon and others. The cattle had to be close herded. Al Shultz was foreman of the company a little later.

"Permission had to be gotten from the Government or agent who had secured the privilege from the Government. As to sheep, I can not say who really did try them out first. Frank Sayer brought in some in '89 and B. G. Olsen came in '89 or '90. They had them down on the east end of Bear's Paw.

"Old Fort Belknap was built of cottonwood logs cut on Milk river. I contracted to cut and haul some fir logs with which to construct buildings in '86. This timber was secured in the Bear's Paw and hauled thirty miles. Two of these buildings still stand on the old Agency about 500 yards from the old buildings.

"In trading with the Indians the value was according to the Indian's desire. A sky-blue bead that was purchased at the cost of fifty or sixty cents per gross would be exchanged for a robe worth five or six dollars at the rate of fifteen beads for a robe.

"As we are talking and thinking of these things I recall in a way many things that I could not think of as they appeared, consecutively, but one thing I now recall was that only a short time after the battle at the mouth of the Musselshell in '69, probably that same fall, a number of Indians came one day without their women or children and said they would like to trade. One of the men who could understand them told Clendenning that they were not there on any legitimate business and that we must watch them. They examined the goods, asked prices, and told what they would be willing to pay for them. They went out and gathered all the bones of the dead Indians and came back to the stockade again. When they all got inside, the gates were closed, as the interpreter heard them say they would kill the



GEORGE HERENDEEN.
The last of the Great Scouts.

whole bunch. There were only seven or eight men. The closing of the gates was something the Indians could not understand, so they asked the reason for such an act and were told that as they had come there to kill the whites, they, the white men, had come to the conclusion that they could all die at the same time. How is that? The Indians wanted to know. The interpreter said: 'You saw that man go into the cellar—that place is full of powder and when the first shot is fired by you that place will explode and all of us will be blown into eternity at the same time. In fact it will save the trouble of a lingering death by gunshot wounds.

"This was too much for the Red's nature to stand so they begged that the gates be thrown open so they could go on their way to the final burial of the remains of their people who had fallen by the same band of white hunters the spring before."

It must have been a peculiar class of men who were around those wood camps and about the trading posts in those days. Some of them were mighty good citizens but many were only noted for their bravery but not for honor.—*A. J. Noyes (Ajax).*

George Herendeen—One of the Last of the Great Scouts.

One of the characters of Blaine county is that most unassuming of all men, George Herendeen, the subject of this sketch. He was born in the fall of forty-six on the Western Reserve, twenty-eight miles east of Cleveland. His parents died when he was thirteen. After the close of the war he went to Indiana and lived with an uncle for some time. The hum-drum life that one was to live in the Middle West did not appeal to George, so he came to the conclusion to "Go West" and try to grow up with the country.

Colorado, especially Denver, was a section that was heard of as a mining country more than any other, except California, in the sixties, and to Denver, George went. He does not say what he did while in Colorado. From there he went to New Mexico and while he does not say what he did while there we infer that he was cow punching, as we find that he is headed for Montana in '69 helping to drive a herd of Texas cattle. He came through Wyoming into Idaho via Taylor's Bridge, on the Snake, into Montana via Horse Prairie. These cattle belonged to Housen Cooper. The winter of '69 and '70 George stayed at Horse Shoe Bend near Three Forks, and held the cattle.

From that time on he was engaged in various things until '73, when he went to the National Park with Captain Jackson of Bozeman. In this party were Taylor Blivens and Sam Shank-

land, clerk of the Crow agency, and several more, ten in all. Their object was to look over the park and blaze trails. This experience gave our subject a knowledge of that most interesting section of the United States so that he knew it so well that he was selected by one of the noted hunters, later as guide.

The Seventy-Four Expedition to the Yellowstone.

In the spring of 1874, February, 149 men left Bozeman for the Yellowstone expedition. This was one of the dirtiest and most disagreeable springs to the pioneers of Montana.

There were twenty-two teams, of all sizes, from a two-horse to an eight-yoke of cattle. Nels Story furnished the big Prairie Schooners for the big teams and probably most of the cattle. The object of this trip was not given out at the time the boys started, as they would not have been allowed to continue their journey had the object been known to the authorities. Their object was to prospect for gold, but they said they were going to look out a route for travel.

Even their organization was left till they got over to the Yellowstone. They followed down that stream and prospected on the Porcupine, where they had been led to believe gold could be found in paying quantities by a man who had deserted from the army. They crossed the Yellowstone with the intention of going south to the Powder river and prospect that stream also. They had no sooner crossed that river than trouble commenced for them. It came in great big gobs and was flung at them by almost the whole Sioux nation under Sitting Bull. Trouble of that kind did not disturb these fellows in the least as they were there looking for it. Seldom has there been gathered together such a band of men. Each one of them was a captain in himself and needed no guiding hand, but they had selected one who was "Johnnie on the Spot," Frank Grounds.

From the moment they got across the river they had to fight, and while they were in several battles only one man was killed.

The Indians thought it an easy matter to wipe them out, but they soon found that it was not possible Even Sitting Bull told his young men that they were wasting their time and too many lives on such a bunch of foolhardy fellows. The story of that expedition is a book in itself and much of it has been written and is in the Historical Society at Helena.

The boys came through in safety, though they did it under difficulties that would have been too serious for any men not toughened to the life of mountain and plains.

In 1875 we find that Herendeen is ready once more to try the Yellowstone country. He has not been deterred by the trials

and troubles of the year before as they are the things of yesterday, forgotten, in a way.

Nelson Story had some mackinaws built on the Yellowstone for the establishment of trading posts on the lower river, as George said: "We made two boats thirty-six feet long, at Pease's ranch above where Livingston was afterward laid out. There were twenty-eight of us. We were to meet the Coulson line of steamboats that were to come up the river. The steamer got up the river near where Billings is now on the tenth day of June. They blazed a cottonwood tree and went back. We continued on down the river and camped on an island to be free from the Indians. From there we went to Pease's bottom and built a stockade. We were only four or five days putting the logs up.

"Major Pease, John Peck and I took a boat to go on down the river and see where the steamer was. We were five days and nights going to Fort Buford, at the mouth of the river, and found that the matter was off so far as the steamer was concerned. We arrived at Buford the morning of the Fourth of July.

"We had to be mighty careful going to Buford as there were quite a number of Indians in that section that were not at all in love with any one who was entering the Yellowstone country with an object of settling it.

"Pease went east, I waited and caught a steamer up the Missouri and was all the fall getting to Helena. Got their fair week, the first day. I remained around Helena till after the fair and then took the stage for Bozeman. The next day after arriving in Bozeman I went over to the Yellowstone, just below Livingston, took a boat and went to Baker's battlefield and built me a 'dugout' and stayed there all winter and wolved.

"The next spring, in March, the Government sent four troops of the Second Cavalry and others to take all the people out of the Yellowstone. I was the only one at my place (See the rest of his story). I was loaded up and taken to Fort Pease. Major Brisban had sent Paul McCormick to tell me that he was to take me out. I objected to being moved as I was not doing any harm. Brisban persuaded me to go and taking my pelts in the wagons we went to Pease and back to Bozeman.

"Of the twenty-eight men at Pease eighteen of them had been killed and wounded, four killed and fourteen wounded.

"That spring Gibbon had come from Fort Shaw and had organized at Fort Ellis. He had four troops of Seventh Infantry. He wanted me to go with him as scout, but as the Government had not made arrangements for pay, other than a teamster at $16 per month, I would not go. Paul McCormick and I built a boat and went down the river and found Gibbon at Fort Pease.

"Paul got a chance to take a message back to Bozeman and then he brought back some goods and started a canteen. There were several boats at Pease that Gibbon was going to take, but I told him that I was one of the men to help build the fort and as I was the only one there the boats belonged to me and he could not have them. I told him I would take Captain Clifford and the boys down, as we could scout and cover more ground that way than on the land. (I did not work for Gibbon.) We traveled down the Yellowstone pretty near the mouth of Powder river. One morning we took a boat to go down the river, Major Brisban, a soldier or two and a couple of Indians, were in the boat. He did not say what his object was but we soon found out that it was to see if there was a steamboat down the river, as it was about time that the forces were getting together. We run through the Wolf rapids and found a steamboat just landing. We went on the boat and found General Terry and staff. We learned that Custer was coming across from Fort Lincoln and was expected any day. Terry, the day before, had sent scouts out but they had been driven back and he was worried as to how he could get word to Gibbon.

"He told me he would give me $300 if I would take a dispatch to Gibbon that night. I started out and got to the camp about three in the morning. Gibbon did not move. Terry steamed up to where Gibbon was, the next day. We then went to the mouth of the Rose Bud. Custer's command came up on the opposite side and camped. That afternoon they had a council of war on the steamer (Far West) about the campaign. Custer, Gibbon, Brisban and Terry were there. Custer sent for me to come across the river and see him. When I reached them they had a map lying on the table and as I stepped up Custer put his finger on the map and said: 'Do you know that place?' I told him I did and he replied: 'You are the man I want.'

"That evening we started for what was to be Custer's Battle Field. I knew all that section of the country like a book and was not long in leading him to the place concerning which he had asked me.

"When we arrived at the point where the battle took place Custer turned to Reno and said: 'Lead out and take the scouts.' Those were the last words we ever heard him say. Reno went to the stream and retreated to the bluffs to a place of safety. In doing this there were thirteen soldiers and Herendeen who had not heard the command and they were left in some brush. It is said that it was the knowledge of Herendeen's plainsmanship that rescued the men and took them to a place where Reno was.

"Afterwards when the Government was investigating the failure of Reno to do his full duty that day, Herendeen was

called as a witness to Chicago and was complimented by the officer in charge by saying, after the trial was over: 'Mr. Herendeen, I believe you are the only man who has told the truth.'

"Such a remark from such a source and at such a time was certainly a compliment. Herendeen could only see that the truth was what was wanted at that time. He is not one who talks much and has no wish to pose as anything but just an ordinary frontiersman who was doing his duty. He could not have had the fear of Indians very strongly in him as you find him all the winter, before, in his lonely 'Dugout' on the banks of the Yellowstone, where he was not safe for weeks on account of the Red men. For days he did not feel safe in going over five hundred yards from his camp as the signs were too numerous of the enemy. He never speaks of any of his experiences as out of the ordinary, just natural occurrences.

"When the last battle had been fought he became a guide in the National park to Colonel Picket and was there with him in 1880 killing bear and showing the Colonel how to get bruin.

"He was elected a complimentary member of the Society of Montana Pioneers at Bozeman in 1914. He attended the anniversary of the Custer Battle in June, 1916, and expects to help mark the trail that Custer followed from the Powder river to his death, in 1917.

"Truly a frontiersman of whom it may be said when he goes on his last hunt, 'He played the game like a man'."

The following little incident was told the writer by the old scout, George Herendeen. It is one of those things that happen to the old plainsmen in their lives on the frontier and which they consider as of no particular moment, that is, of not enough interest to the general public to bear repeating: "The expedition of seventy-four to the Yellowstone county was one full of quite interesting things. We always took them as ordinary occurrences, so thought little of them. In fact we thought no more of them than would the people who live the hum-drum of every day existence in any walk of life.

"We had gone down the north side of the Yellowstone to the mouth of the Porcupine, which we had prospected, and made up our minds to cross the larger stream and go to the south, just where we did not care, as we had plenty of provisions and good transportation. On March 25th we made the crossing and were compelled to camp for five days on account of a big storm of snow which started soon after we were over.

"The country to the south was rough, coulees, rolling hills and ridges, on which there were some scrubby pines.

"On April 1st we had resumed our march and had chosen a coulee as it was the only means of approach to the hills and benchlands that overlook the Yellowstone on the south.

"We had about twenty wagons, well guarded, as we had plenty of men. In all commands you will find some fellow who was more or less foolhardy—willing to try any experience once—and this particular day the hero (?) must be Charlie Dryden, a long-legged youth who carelessly rode on in advance of the party up the coulee and on to the divide. On that divide there was a great big surprise awaiting him. If he is alive today he will, no doubt, recall vividly the occurrence and while he may have no picture of himself as we saw him, he would not care to dispute our version of the affair as we were looking at it from another angle.

"It must not be considered a digression at this time to prepare the reader's mind for the cause of Charlie's excitement.

"While we were camped on the Yellowstone in the storm we had made big fires that caused great volumes of smoke to arise to such a height that any roving bands of Indians, though miles away, might see.

"Now that was just what happened. When Dryden passed over the divide he was discovered by a band of thirteen young Indians who, no doubt, were out to see what the smoke had meant. They were riding toward him when he was seen but they had time to disrobe and with nothing but their breech clouts as covering made for him with the expectation of soon affecting his capture alive. There was one thing that they had not taken into consideration and that was that that particular pony which Dryden had under him was a race horse with the speed of light and which no Indian pony could approach and particularly so with the fear they had put into the heart of her rider at that time.

"On hell-bent came the pony and not far behind the Red boys in full pursuit, expecting that they would be successful. They did not know that the advance guard was coming and that they would soon run into a trap, as they only knew that there was a lone white man who had strayed and who looked good to them. On Charlie came with his long legs fanning the side of the pony like the wings of an old-fashioned windmill. The advance guard opened up and he was safe. The Reds then turned and rode back but the whites gave them no time to pick up their saddles and clothing which were soon discovered and appropriated. This little thing did in no way disconcert the main body and we continued with our journey until time to camp.

"There may be some guiding hand to lead us so that we, for a time, escape, what appears, by the breadth of a hair, from places of danger. After we had gone into camp and had some-

thing to eat five of us started out to look over the country in order to pick out the most desirable road or to find if it would be possible to proceed at all over a section of country where no wagon had ever been before. The party consisted of Frank Grounds, the captain of the expedition, Buck Buchanan, 'Wild Cat' Bill Hamilton, the noted plainsman and author, 'Yank' Everetts and myself. We had proceeded but a short distance when I saw a deer track which led me to suspect that it could be followed and its maker killed. The other boys continued on while I struck out for the deer. Only a short distance away was a small grove of pines to which the track lead. When I had arrived at this place the desire for deer was soon dispelled as there were plenty of fresh pony tracks which I knew to be the marks of the Indians, so I started to overtake the four men who were ahead. The point to which they were making was a wooded hill. They were at the bottom of this rise and could not see the summit. What caused me to look up I do not know, but I did, and on the hill I could see an Indian on horseback waiting for our approach. I was probably five hundred yards away but I pulled up my rifle and blazed away, at the same time shouting to the boys to look out for the Indians.

"As soon as I shot I ran towards the boys and they began to fall back toward me—shooting at the top of the hill as they retreated. Bill Hamilton was deaf as a post and was much in the way as he could see nothing to shoot at and the others had no time, under the circumstances, to explain anything to him and tell the trouble. The boys began to spread out. Buck and myself to the left about one hundred and fifty yards from the other three. We would retreat and stop and hold the Indians while the others fell back. This continued until we could retire to a place of safety or until the boys in camp came to our aid. As I have said Bill could see nothing to shoot at but knew something was wrong some place as Frank had hold of him trying to pull him back. At this time Buck and myself were some one hundred and fifty yards back and Bill, seeing us, pulled his gun and was going to use it as he had an idea we were showing the white feather and leaving the others to do all the fighting. Buck saw Bill and said: 'See that old ———, he is pulling his gun on me.' With that remark he leveled his gun on Bill and that changed the old fellow's mind to such an extent that we had no more real trouble from him. In the meantime the Indians kept firing at us but we were too far away for the old guns they had to do us any harm. It only took a few minutes till the boys came and we got back to camp.

"Jack Bean and —— Bostwick were standing picket duty some two hours later when Bostwick, who was a harum-scarum

fellow, wild as he could be, came to the conclusion he would go and have a talk with the Indians. He had not taken into consideration that these fellows were not dressed for company and for that very reason were in no good humor for a visit from a white man who was one of the party who held all their clothing, except their breech clouts and a little war paint which adorned their bodies and that April 1st is not warm enough to allow one to be in a pleasant frame of mind when so dressed. They allowed him to come pretty near to them, but when he came close enough to carry on a conversation he had changed his mind and made for the camp with the band after him, with the result that he got four flesh wounds from some old cap and ball pistol that did not lay him up, for he was ready for the fray only four days after on the Rosebud, when the whole bunch attacked us.

"He would, though, have been killed had it not been for Jack Bean, as an Indian was so close to him that he was trying to knock him off his horse with a quirt.

"That night we fortified a little by digging rifle pits. We had fifty-six head of oxen in the gulch below our camp where they were left to graze. Richardson, a butcher of Bozeman, was watching them. Some time during the night an Indian was trying to crawl up and drive them off when he was seen by Richardson and shot. This alarmed the camp and when asked why he shot he explained what he saw and that he thought he had hit his man. This proved a fact, as soon after this we could hear the wounded fellow calling for help which must have been rendered him as we did not find him the next day.

"In the light of today one may say that the escape we made that day was more or less miraculous. If I had not seen the deer track and followed it to the bunch of timber where I found the pony tracks we would no doubt have all been killed, as the Indians were waiting for us and could have held us at their mercy, as it would have been a complete surprise."

James H. Snell.

I was born August 4, 1854, West Moreland, Pa. We moved from there to Rock Island, Ill.. I was then a year old. My father was a contractor on the Rock Island railroad during that year. We then moved from there to Nebraska City which then comprised two stores, the names of which were Philadelphia No. 1 and Philadelphia No. 2. I was about two years old at that time. We then crossed the Missouri river, which was called the boundary at that time, and my father took a farm or homestead nine miles west of Nebraska City and I remained there until I was ten, about 1864. We then moved west upon the



JAMES SNELL.
Scout and Plainsman with Miles at Battle of the Bear's Paw.

Platte river to Fort McPherson, Nebraska. We remained there until 1866, then I went east to school in Missouri, a little place called Phimore. I went from there to Pennsylvania to school. In 1868 I came back to Nebraska college, three miles southwest of Nebraska City. In 1871 I moved back to Cheyenne, Wyoming, and in 1874 I was with the expedition that went into the Black Hills to take out the first white men that were digging gold there. I then went from there to Fort McPherson and then back to Cheyenne. In 1876 I was with Crook's expedition after the Sioux in Montana. I was with General Crook's command at the time of the Custer massacre. I was probably about 70 miles from the battle, but we never went to the battle. In 1877 we went back that winter and wintered at Camp Carland, Wyoming. In the spring of 1877 we started out under the command of General Hart and we were held at Fort McKinney, near old Fort Reno; then we came on down to the Yellowstone to the mouth of Tongue river, what is known as Fort Keogh. During the early part of the spring and summer we went on another expedition to South Dakota to Hart River and Cannon Ball after Indians and over to Old Man's Butte, then returned to Fort Keogh about the first of September, where we were ordered to Fort Custer to join General Buwell's command to get after Sitting Bull. The expedition broke up, then we returned to Fort Keogh and General Miles was ordered out to see if he could not intercept the Nez Perces. He had a dispatch that they had crossed the Missouri river at Cow Island, between the Bear Paws and the Little Rockies. The dispatch was brought down by Johnnie Buckman (Father) by skiff on the Missouri river. We then made forced marches day and night after that and we had to abandon the wagon train at Pochette with 100 soldiers and cannon to guard same. We then traveled day and night after we got the dispatch. The scouts discovered what was supposed to be the whole camp on Big Beaver creek at the foot of the Bear Paws. We charged in on them, supposing them to be the whole camp, which proved to be only the rear guard. Then we formed a line of battle and followed them up. The infantry was mounted on Indian ponies which we had taken from the Indians up on Mud creek and they being poor riders formed a poor line of battle and we had to stop and form over again. This was on Sunday morning, October 1, 1877. There was about four inches of snow on the ground. It was about nine or ten o'clock in the morning. We followed them over to Snake creek from Peoples creek and when we got up on the ridge on this side we formed a line of battle and again we charged the camp as soon as we saw that it was down in the bottom. The Seventh Cavalry was the right battalion and the Second Cavalry was the left bat-

talion and the Fifth Infantry was the center battalion in reserve, and the horses of the Indians were on the left side under the care of the Seventh Cavalry. Sergeant McEwen had placed his little Rodman gun in the center of the battalion. The Indians had raided a store up at Highland and also a wagon train loaded with supplies for western points. These goods were piled up in the camp and back of them; it formed a kind of breastwork. We fought the Indians from then until the third day and then we had a peace talk and we had a good interpreter who could talk good Nez Perce and Miles offered him or anybody $300 if he could get them to surrender. Up to this time the Indians supposed that this was Howard or Gibbons or some other command which they had defeated. We talked a while on the third to get them to surrender. In the meantime we had sent back for the wagon train that had the munition and soldiers. We were talking with Chief Joseph and another Indian called Mox Mox and at the time we were talking to them Lieutenant Jerome and Cayuse George, the interpreter, were down in the Nez Perce camp and when the train came in sight on the hill some one in the right battalion, the Seventh Cavalry, fired his gun off accidentally or intentionally, and then the peace talk was all off. This was along in the evening and they kept Lieutenant Jerome and Cayuse George and we kept Joseph and Mox Mox in our camp all night and shooting was going on every now and then all night. They told Lieutenant Jerome and Cayuse George to keep down as they did not want them to get killed. Snell said: "If I had owned the whole world I would have given it to have been out of that fight—at one time—as I never saw such shots in my life." The clothes I wore were all riddled with bullets. The next morning they stopped firing long enough to trade back. We gave them Joseph and Mox Mox and got Jerome and George. General Miles made a present of a pair of shoes to Joseph. Joseph said he did not want to fight the whites but was compelled by the other chieftains. After we swapped back war was resumed and continued until the coming Saturday evening. They came up and surrendered their arms. They thought Miles was going to send them back home if they surrendered. The next morning we started back for Fort Keogh. We camped the first night just below my present residence, at the east end of the Little Rockies, about a mile and a quarter of where I am now located. Little did I think then that I would be located here. In all my Indian career I never was in a standing fight until I struck the Nez Perce tribe. General Miles gave me eight head of ponies and a span of mules for carrying water for the wounded soldiers when nobody else would go. Captain Snyder was ordered by Miles to take a certain position and about thirty of the Nez

Perces held this position and fought this company of soldiers from a little ridge, they being about seventy-five yards apart and forcing the soldiers back. If the Indians only knew, they had Miles defeated. Some of these holes were joined by tunnels. I never went up against anything like the Nez Perces in all my life and I have been in lots of scraps.

I was the first United States marshal in the eastern part of the mountains of Montana.

"Daddy" F. M. Marsh's Story of Kid Curry.

In the early story of old Chouteau county and in that part that afterward became Blaine county, Kid Curry, the outlaw, was very prominent.

I have no wish to say anything wrong of this man, but to try and tell a little concerning him and some of the reasons or causes which made him a hunted man.

"Daddy" Marsh, the man who must be considered one of the characters of Chinook, was for years a trader on the Missouri at Rocky Point. From him much of the following was learned: "It must have been in the summer of 1884 that Hank and Kid Curry came to our place looking for work. They soon got a job riding for the Circle Bar. As they were among the last to begin work for that outfit for the season they were compelled to quit as soon as the busy season was over. They were industrious and needed something to do. They had a pony and with a half-breed sled, as a means of conveyance, cut and hauled, from the breaks of the Missouri, something like forty cords of pitch pine knots, for which they received about eight dollars per cord the next spring when the steamboats began to run. They began once more, when spring opened, to ride for the Circle Bar.

"As they were very saving they thought it a good plan to take up a ranch near one which was owned by Pike Landusky. The boys were illiterate—never having had a chance to go to school so could not write their names. Hank said to me one day: 'Daddy, I would give all I have if I could write as well as you can.' I explained that that was surely a probable matter, if he would try. 'What! Do you think I can learn to write?' he asked. I told him yes and sent and got a Spencerian copy book and told him to practice. Every moment he could spare he would work along that line. Soon after this he told me the happiest day of his life was when he was able and did write out an order for some goods at my store. To tell the truth, I could not believe my eyes when I saw that order with his name signed to it.

"I said that he went to live near Landusky—Landusky had been a plainsman for years and had in some way gotten into a fight with the result that his under jaw had been shot. Pike was

as kind-hearted a man as could be and would give the shirt off his back to one whom he liked. When he was loaded with 'rot-gut' he was as senseless as any fool. At such times he forgot everything manly. Hank Curry, for some reason, thought the less one had to do with Pike the better off he would be, so told the Kid to use him right but never have any business relations with him. It seems that Pike borrowed a plow of the boys and did not return it, but when they got it back it was very much worse for wear.

"I might say that by this time two more of the boys had come to this section—Johnnie and Lonnie. John was a little fellow who soon learned to pack a gun and wanted to be bad.

"In this same section of the country lived Winters and Gill. There was also, another man living there who had some trouble with his wife and she became the common property of several others, to become intimate with Johnnie Curry later. Her husband sold their ranch to Winters, who took possession. After the woman became the property (?) of John Curry he came to the conclusion to drive Winters off the land as he claimed the woman had as much right to it as her husband, but that she had not received anything for her portion. One day he rode up and told Winters that he would give him just so long to vacate the place. Winters was not by any means a man who would easily surrender his rights and so explained himself.

"Not long after this he looked out and saw Johnnie coming riding one horse and leading another. He placed his double-barreled shotgun near the door so it would be handy. Johnnie called to him and when he opened the door Johnnie shot but the bullet went wild and hit in the jamb just over Winters' head and before he could shoot again the shotgun had done its work and Johnnie Curry would no longer ride the range.

"Prior to this, though, Hank had taken sick and died with consumption, so the balance wheel in the whole Curry machine had been destroyed.

"Kid Curry had gotten into trouble that had caused his arrest by Sheriff Buckley. For some reason, Buckley placed the Kid in the custody of Landusky. Landusky remarked he now had the Kid where he had long wanted him and was not at all particular in the choice of language used in addressing him. He had also chained the Kid with a log chain for safe keeping, though there could have been no particular reason for doing so.

"After the Kid had come back from Benton he told several that he intended to whip Landusky for the insulting remarks—remarks that took into consideration the chastity of his mother—and which no self-respecting man could possibly allow to be addressed to him without trying to punish the person who made them.

"In fact he had told Pike that when he returned he would surely take revenge. Pike, after his return, tried to make friends but the wound was so deep that nothing he could say could possibly pacify his enemy. Jim Thornhill tried to keep the Kid away as he was sure of the final results, that is, that one or the other would be killed. The day of the tragedy came and the Kid walked into Jew Jake's saloon, where Pike was drinking with his friends. Kid explained what he was there for and handing his gun to Thornhill started in and punished Landusky till he cried enough. Taking a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe the blood from his face he pulled, as he returned it to his pocket, a revolver which, in some way, failed him or the Kid would have lead the procession to the lonely grave yard on the south slope of the Little Rockies instead of Pike.

"Thornhill saw the movement and shouted: 'Look out, Kid, he's going to shoot!' At this Curry jumped and grabbed his gun which was held out to him by Thornhill and Pike fell shot to death.

"If Curry had given himself up he would—so most think—have been discharged—as Thornhill, who was arrested and tried for complicity, or as an accessory, received no sentence. Curry, however, seemed to fear jail and imprisonment; he was not captured and became an outlaw."

(Billy Skillen has this to say: "The leading up to the killing of Landusky was over the dispute about a plow between the Curry brothers and Landusky. At the time the trouble started Pike Landusky was acting as deputy sheriff and arrested the Kid and Lee Self, taking them down to his ranch at the mouth of Rock creek. He put them in charge of his brother Tony. Lee Self made his escape. Some time after the trouble was over, Pike Landusky was standing in front of the bar in Jew Jake's and talking to Jake when the Kid, his brother Lonnie and Jim Thornhill walked into the saloon. The Kid and Pike had a little conversation when the Kid grabbed Pike by the shoulder and turned him around facing him and struck him in the face several times. When he quit Pike asked him what he had struck him for and Kid told him for the abuse he had to take when he was in his power and could not help himself. Pike was trying to get his gun when the butt showed and Thornhill saw it and shouted: 'Lookout, Kid, he is going to shoot.' Kid threw his arms around Pike and held him close and reached down and 'drawed' his gun and pulling it up between them to Pike's breast and Pike fell dead. Reaching into Pike's pocket he took his gun and the three went out of the saloon, got into a wagon and drove up the gulch and were gone. Lonnie Curry was arrested in Chinook afterward by Wm. Skillen, acting as deputy sheriff, and

taken to Benton and lodged in jail. He stood trial. After hearing the evidence of the state's witness, Jew Jake, Judge DuBoise ordered the jury to stand up. He told them that if they brought in a verdict of guilty it would have to go to a higher court as the state's witness showed that Kid Curry had killed Landusky in self-defense. That acquitted Lonnie Curry and Jim Thornhill was never arrested.")

"The killing of Johnnie Curry by Winters was a well-known fact and he was advised by his friends to leave the country, but this he would not do. One morning as he was coming out of his cabin he fell at the hands of his assassin, who was hiding near his outbuildings.

"The night before he was killed, Jim Thornhill went to a neighbor's house and stayed—no doubt to prove an alibi. This led people to believe that the Currys had killed Winters. As Gill was a partner of Winters he took much interest in the matter and tried to trace up his murderer or murderers. He was told by his friends that the safest thing he could do was to saddle up his horse and leave the country if he placed any value on his life. This he would not consent to do. Detectives have hunted for his remains, but no one has ever been able to find one single trace of either horse or rider—the work of destruction had been so thoroughly done.

"On July 3rd, 1901, the Kid led the gang that held up No. 3 at Wagner. They blew up the express car and got several thousand dollars of unsigned currency that was going to Tom Marlow's bank in Helena. They escaped to the Little Rockies and it was a long time before the Kid was apprehended, in Knoxville, Tenn., in 1903. His arrest took place when the police raided a negro gambling house in the outskirts of the city. The Kid, ever suspicious, and always 'heeled,' smoked up the place so badly that he caused two or three funerals to soon take place in that southern city.

"The officials got it into their heads that the man whom they had arrested was the famous Kid Curry. Frank O'Neal, a one-time sheriff of Chouteau county, and his wife were sent for to identify the man. Mrs. O'Neal saw him but he was too wise to recognize her. Frank, himself, did not see him.

"Before the trial came off the guard was found tied up to the cage and the favorite saddle horse of the southern sheriff was missing, never again, probably, to be returned to his stall.

"The Judge of that particular district was in Harlem one time and was asked by an old-time friend of the Kid's how he managed to escape. The reply was: 'It seems that the Kid had a sister out west who was rich and she exchanged about $25,000 of her cash, with the sheriff, for her brother's freedom.'



CHAS. M. RUSSELL—Cowboy Artist.

"By men who seem to know—it was the band of horses owned by Jim Thornhill, a particular friend of Curry—that had been sold, the money sent to the sister, who used it to help her brother.

"Kid Curry! No one of his old friends—and he seems to have many in the land of the Chinook—knows where he is. None of them seem to care to express themselves in anything but terms of affection, as they seem to think he might come back some time and place them in such a condition that they would cease to have an opinion.

"It is said that he was not the only man on the Milk river who deserved a prison sentence; also that his true name was Logan."

CHAPTER XI.

Charles M. Russell.

Probably no other man who ever lived in what is now Blaine county will be as well known to posterity as the subject of this sketch. Charles M. Russell was born in St. Louis, Missouri, March 19th, 1865. He came to Montana over the Union Pacific and Utah Northern to old Red Rock, then the terminus, of the latter line. From Red Rock he came via coach to Helena. He came with "Pike" Miller, or Willis Miller, as he was known to others.

Col. Shirley Ashby tells of the first time he ever saw Charlie. "He had arrived in Helena with Miller, a man with whom I had some previous acquaintance and meeting me I invited them to my place to lunch. I really had never seen as green a looking boy as Charlie Russell was the day he came to my house. After we had lunch Miller said that Russell had an idea that he could draw some and might become an artist. He turned to him and said: 'Charlie show Mr. and Mrs. Ashby what you can do.' He took a piece of black wax from his pocket and made a little horse which we kept for years. Charlie's hair was too long and I thought he needed shearing." In a conversation with Russell the writer got the following: "We did not stay over two weeks in Helena and bought a four-horse team and wagon. The leaders were brown saddle horses and the wheelers bay. The saddle horses were not the best but a fellow could ride them. We started for the Judith Basin via Diamond, White Sulphur Springs and Judith Gap. Jack Waite and Pike had sheep and my first job in Montana was herding them. I wasn't much of a success. You see it was like this, I didn't think the boys had money enough to keep me supplied—as I could lose the d——d fools about as fast as they were turned over to me. Then Pike and I had a

row about a saddle horse and I found that there was a job herding horses at a stage station so I quit. Before I could put in an application, however, Pike double-crossed me by seeing the party first and telling him that I was no good. Part of it was true because I will confess now that I was a bum sheep herder.

"Have always had a tender spot in my heart for him as I needed that job. Losing out there I went to live with Jake Hoover on the South Fork of the Judith. He was a hunter.

"In the spring of 1882, in April, I returned to St. Louis and remained a month and then came back to Montana on the Northern Pacific. A cousin—a boy about my own age—came with me but he died soon after in Billings with the mountain fever. I left Billings on his horse, broke, and started for the north country. Just out of the city, on Alkali creek, met John Cabler with about forty saddle horses, on his way to receive some doggies. They were a mixed bunch of the following brands: Z, C T and 12. He asked if I wanted work and I said yes.

"I night herded for him, my first job of that kind. At Ross' Fork we met the Judith round up and I took a position as horse wrangler with that outfit. I night herded horses in the spring and beef in the fall. Never did take kindly to broncos as my mind and theirs did not seem to work in unison. The fact is I only punched one season (83) and that was on the Shonkin range.

"I could always draw a little; can't remember my first work in that line as I was too small. No, I never dreamed of fame.

Story of the Last of Five Thousand.

"Why that story is generally well known isn't it? ' Oh, you have heard different reports? Well, it was like this: The winter of '86-7 was a noted one. I was with Jesse Phelps on the O. H. ranch. Jesse got a letter from Louie Kaufman asking how things were. He sat down to write a letter and explain things and I told him I would make a sketch and put in. The sketch was a — R cow, Kaufman's; nothing said about the last of five thousand—only, 'Waiting for a Chinook,' was the name given it. It was on a piece of writing paper and was only a small thing of probably 2x4 inches. No letter was sent. Ben Roberts got it from Kaufman and later sold it to Wallis Huidekoper, who says he may give it to the Historical Society.

"It was done in water colors that I used to pack in a sock in those days.

"Indians are quite observing as I recall a picture I painted of Bill Jones. In the braids of his hair he had seven brass tags or buttons which are used for ornamental purposes. I failed to get

in more than five and he soon called my attention to the fact and asked that the others should be put in. When this was done he looked at it and said, 'Good.' Not long after this I was down on the reservation and was called into Bill's lodge as he said he wanted to show me something. He had a package which he began to unwrap and after a time he exhibited the picture which he had tacked to a board and holding it up said: 'Bill Jones, Good man, son of a——.' It seems that Bill's vocabulary was very limited and as he wished to use all that he knew in his conversation, he always wound up with the last phrase. As I never had any acquaintance with Bill's family he may have been telling the truth.

"No, I am not the 'Chip of the Flying U'. I knew Bertha M. Bowers and she married Sinclair, the cow-puncher whom we used to call 'Fiddle Back.'

"My Indian study came from observation and by living with the Blackfeet in Alberta for about six months. I don't know much about them even now; they are a hard people to 'sabe'."

When asked what he considered his best picture, he replied: "I have never painted it yet. I feel that I am improving right along. It takes me longer to paint a picture now and I work harder. The highest price I ever received for a picture was $5,000, the one in the Capitol. If some of the high officials had had their way that work would have been done by an eastern man.

"I was married in the fall of 1896 to Nancy Cooper. I never could remember the month or date—you would have to ask her about that. We never had any children until recently, when we adopted a little boy. Say, they are some people, those little baby fellows and no one could love that fellow more than we do.

"Yes several of my pictures were sold in New York. Had some in London but the war stopped the sale.

"Oh, yes, Linderman has told you about a reception in London? Well, it was about like this: Sir ——— was giving a reception to which Mrs. Russell and myself were invited. I was handed our hostess for my partner when we went into the dining room, and I was surely handed some bunch, for she was so large that we could not both go through the door of the dining room at the same time so I stepped back and carelessly trod on her train. Say, she squatted and pulled on that encumbrance like a cayuse on a rope. I got off as soon as I felt the strain, but not before she had ripped quite a lot of her gown, and then I simply straddled the long-tailed dress and went in tandem until there was room enough to go in double harness again.

"What seemed to be the funniest thing to me in London was when I wanted to get my watch fixed. I slipped into a jewelry store and asked a fellow if he could 'fix' my watch; he said 'Naw.'

I knew that they could as I saw them at work. I stepped out and meeting a man whom I knew had been in the U. S. I said: 'What does a fellow have to say to these guys when he wants to get his watch fixed?' 'Why I don't know what you mean Russell.' Well, it is like this, my watch won't go and I don't know how to make these fellows understand. 'Oh, don't you know, you should have said repahred'."

"There is altogether too much civilization; no place to camp out any more. I have a saddle horse and ride each morning, but a fellow has to ride in the alleys, if he rides in the city, as the pavements are so smooth a horse can't keep its feet. There was a time when I could tie my horse in Central avenue in front of the Silver Dollar, but a fellow would be in a h—— of a fix now as there are too many autos; you can't get near the sidewalk. My wife has an auto and I ride with her once in a while but I just as leave go in a street car." (While the writer was getting a story from Charlie he was busily engaged on one of the historical paintings which he is doing for Cole, the Duluth millionaire, of which there are to be four. Three of them represent scenes in the life of "Buffalo Bill," "Killing of Yellow Hand," "Hunting With Duke Alexis," "Discovery of Cheyenne Camp" and one Lewis and Clark, "The Meeting of the Shoshones" on the Beaverhead. While talking to me he was working on "Killing of Yellow Hand." In the studio at the time was the young boy, Joe De Young. He is also a St. Louis boy, 23 years of age, though he does not look to be more than sixteen. He is deaf. He bids fair to become a noted man as he is working under Russell. Was at work on a picture at the time.

Charlie Russell came to Montana as a boy of fifteen and at once became identified with the range country. Fifteen is not an age when one can expect much wisdom in a boy—and especially when one is thrown in with a free and easy lot of fellows such as the majority of cowboys were. One can readily see that a youth would be apt to fall into the faults his associates had. Charles M. Russell is now known as a national character. As he said: "I do my work because I love it." Sawing wood, digging ditches and working in disagreeable occupations would not appeal to one of Russell's temperament. He is a great story teller and was fond of the cowboy life and the cowboy pranks. He would try anything once, and if he liked it try it again. Night herding gave him more chance to visit and study the different classes of men and the conditions, as he saw them, than if he had been a full-fledged cowpuncher putting in long hours on the range. He rode in the Judith and later came to the Milk river country, where he was well known. In order to give some of the human side of this now noted man the writer went to some

of the old-time cowpunchers and asked them for a lineup on him, any little story they thought would be of interest. He was able to gather some very active and interesting incidents connected with the subject, on the Milk river and especially Chinook. They are as follows: "I first saw Russell," Jim Dorrit says, "at Highwood, Canada, at a ranch where I had gone for a horse. He and his partner, who had a broken collar bone, were stopping at an English ranch. There was no oil in the place so the boys had rigged up a light (of ill sounding name) with some grease in a small dish and a rag for a wick. One of them would stir the grease while the other would read a few lines. Neither of them could read very well then and they would comment on it in a comical way. He was drawing some in those days but was not considered much of a painter."

Much of the following was told by Bob Stuart and K. Lowery and they are true. They are old-time friends of Russell.

Bob said: "The winter of '91-2 Charlie Russell, Al Mallison, Toney Crawford, 'Kik' Price, John Thompson, Trumbel (cannot recall his first name) and myself got a cabin and started in to batch.

"W. C. Kester of the Chinook Opinion gave the boys quite a little space and dubbed us 'The Hungry Seven.' We had about $175 which we put in the 'pot' and got as many supplies in the grub line as we could. We were all young and full of fun, but some of the stunts look better now, than they did then, to those on whom our little jobs were pulled off. Charlie and the 'Kid' should have been preachers—if preachers are not lied about—because they were mighty fond of chicken. As they had none themselves they went on still hunts for them in the evening when one was less apt to see them than if they went in the day time. Kester had a fine bunch of chickens, which was too much of a temptation for the boys, so one night Charlie and the 'Kid' made up their minds (and that was not hard) to raid his hen house. Russell stood guard while the 'Kid' went in to secure the birds. He was to give the high-sign if anything turned up, and it did, by Kester coming to the back door of his house. Charlie saw him and in his excitement pushed the chicken house door to and rushed for the cabin as fast as he could run, leaving the 'Kid' to the tender mercy of Kester, if he should be found. Kester went out loaded for bear but finding the door closed went back to the house and the 'Kid' soon arrived at the cabin with some fine birds. We proceeded to get them ready for eating as we had no wish to wait till morning as we never knew what would turn up, and another thing, we would be sure we would know where they were. Charlie was hardly over his nervousness by the time the Kid came. The chickens were about done and the table set

when there was a loud knock on the door. Russell grabbed the hot frying pan, pushed it under one of the bunks. When the door opened there stood Frank O'Neal, the sheriff.

"You could almost hear those fellows teeth chatter. Frank could hear the chicken frying in the hot grease under the bed and he said: 'You are having a feast, aren't you—well, go ahead, all I want is to get three or four of you fellows as witnesses on a case that is to come off in Benton.' Kester never really knew who got his chickens, but he went into his house and told his wife that he wished he could have gotten a shot at that fellow who ran away.

"In those days there was a lady who was a very active church member. She had made up her mind to invite the minister to a chicken dinner the following Sunday and had told Kid Price about it. She evidently did not know him or she would have withheld such information because he went that night with Russell and stole the two young birds that were to have been the 'piece de resistance.' Not only did they get the roosters, but they dressed them, cut off their heads and took them and the feathers and placed them in the back yard of the pastor. When the lady got ready to kill she missed the poultry and seeing the Kid, sought his sympathy. He was much surprised but recalled that he had seen fresh chicken feathers as he passed the preacher's house. Of course they might not have been from the missing chickens, and then again they might, as no one could tell. The lady had a little boy who went over to the minister's home and soon returned with the heads, saying: 'They are ours alright.' The lady went to church but marched out with her head held high and the preacher got left.

"I also remember Charlie's first girl. He had become introduced to her and wanted to take her to a dance. He was to get a team and take her but as he came to the conclusion he could not drive he got me to take her and he rode on horse back. He had taken her to several dances and thought he was making an impression. One night he had her to a dance at Chinook. They were sitting having a nice little sociable chat when one of the stock men named Charlie Williams came in and entered into a conversation with her in which she turned her back to Charlie Russell. She sat there for some time very much interested in what Williams was saying and Russell, becoming disgusted, tapped her on the shoulder and said: 'I'm here yet,' got up and left her and never tried again to win her affections.

"It is kind of funny what will come into a fellow's head when thinking of those old days. We did not have much money so Charlie thought he had made a good fellow of himself and established a credit at Lohman's. He came back highly elated.

I guess he must have bought about forty cents worth of tobacco and papers for the makings, when he was shut off in the following way: When he ordered anything he had a way of holding up a finger, which meant 'Charge that.' One day he went for a few things and held up his finger and Lohman said: 'Russell, that finger of yours is too long already.' Russell returned to the cabin and put in two days painting a picture for which he received seventy-five dollars and told us never to buy another thing of Lohman.

"Those were great days. Charlie was a prince alright, with one of the biggest hearts any man ever had. He was never a cowpuncher because he never liked the wild horses. I recall one night when it was raining and he had to go on the night herd. He put on his slicker and that made the horse nervous and he soon got nervous, with the result he had to crawl on again. One night on the Big Sandy, Charlie and myself were trying to hold a bunch of beef and as it was getting late in the fall it began to rain, which turned to sleet and our slickers would simply pop every time we moved. The storm was coming from the northeast and the cattle began to drift toward the Coal Banks on the Missouri. Charlie said: 'What are we going to do?' I told him if he would go ahead and try and keep them back I would bring up the drag. He soon came back and said: 'I can't hold them, they are going in every direction; let 'em go to h—— and we will get them next fall.' I replied all right, but you will have to make good with the boss. In speaking to Charlie about this particular night he said he recalled it very well. That they had a time finding the camp and when he did he got so near the tent he stepped right on the face of 'Missouri Jim,' the boss."

When in Chinook the writer told "Kid" Price what Bob Stuart and K. Lowery had told me and he said he never batched with such a bunch, as he had too much respect for himself. "I had a little money with which I bought two mavericks and gave to them but they traded the meat off for questionable pleasure and I had to steal chickens to keep the sons of guns from starving. You ask Russell if he remembers the time that Judge Richie was after us with a blunder-bus and we could not make as good time as we wanted to as we had a chicken under each arm." When the writer got to Great Falls he called Russell's attention to the stories he had heard and asked if the boys had been stringing him.

"No, they have all told you pretty near the truth, except the 'Kid,' because he did batch with us and he was the fellow that gave pretty near a whole steer away and was the only one to receive any direct benefit. Did the 'Kid' tell you about the time one of the ladies (?) of Chinook, who was a splendid cook, told him if he could furnish the chickens she would get up a nice

dinner and invite the gang? Well, he ought not to have forgotten that. He got the chickens and a splendid dinner with all the 'fixin's' was the result. She bragged about what fine fowl they were—that she had never eaten better—and well she might, for when she went to feed her birds the next day they were gone.

"Those were good days in Chinook. Say, how is 'Daddy Marsh'?" When answered that "Daddy" was fine, he asked: "Does he drink any these days?"

The writer replied that "Daddy" had told him that he had not taken a drink for nineteen years. "Why, 'Daddy' must be a liar because I was down to Chinook about ten years ago, and the whole town was drunk—at least that is the way they appeared to me."

In closing this I want to say that Russell has been told that these little things—giving the other side of the picture—are to be printed. They only show the human side of a genius. Russell has become a famous man, but today he said: "I can't paint an Indian head with Ed Paxon, nor can I mix his colors."

The uncouth Missouri boy who came to Montana with "Pike" Miller could hardly have expected to go down in the story of our state as one of its famous men. When the wealth of Daly or Clark shall have been dissipated—and grand structures become dust—the works of Russell "The Cow Boy Arist," will be treasured by those who like art. He has painted a condition that, but for him, would have been lost to future generations.

CHAPTER XII.

Topography of the County.

Blaine county is bounded on the north by Canada, east by Phillips county, south by Phillips county and the Missouri river, and west by Hill county. The area is 4219 square miles and it is not easy to state the number of inhabitants, as it being a new section, people are coming in very fast. Information received at Helena states the number of inhabitants as 10,830; assessed valuation, $5,587,686.00.

It is really in the valley of the Milk river. The river rises in the Rocky mountains and runs north into Canada and then south into Montana, thence in a southeasterly direction to the Missouri. The major portion of the county is plains and bench lands, with the Little Rockies and a part of the Bear's Paw range on the south to form some relief to the general monotony of the country.

All of the Bear's Paw are not in Blaine county, as part of them are in Hill county. The range does not constitute a true mountain range, but consists, in the eastern part, of a group of low

The following is a fac-simile of a letter from Chas. M. Russell, the Cowboy Artist, to his old friend "Kid" Price, of whom Russell said: "The 'Kid' could sure ride the bad ones."



C. M. RUSSELL

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA



June 1st 1917

Friend Kid its been some years since I laid on my bellie in the Shade of a wagon, and built pictures, but I havent forgotten, and I will always remember you wer my agent, the first one to boost my game and sell my work in Chinook.
my memory often takes me back to the rangs, and camps we knew so well. theres not many of the old bunch left.
right now I know more dead men than live men and if you count back you find its the same with you. thirty seven years I've lived in Montana, but I'm among Strangers now.
Have only two old timers of our bunch around here, Henry Keaton, and Pat Vin.



C. M. RUSSELL

Pat comes to town quite often, has got some cows on the bench up a creek. time aint improved his looks none, you know he never was very slender through the flanks, but now you could eat a sandwich while you walk around the middle of him.
He had a bank in the town of Geyser but traded it up for an automobile and a white faced bull, and every time I see him on a Chauffeure Id rather ride the bull than take chances with Pat in his Skunk wagon. Pat sits on his hat when



he drives, am a friend of mine told me he rode with Pat once, and once is all he wanted he said he lost his hat and would have been bare on his face terrible if he hadent put them in his pocket.
Henry Custer still has his ranch but winters in town. his house is near mine and we often meet and talk over old times. about two years ago he leased his ranch to an honest prohibition farmer.
and while Hanks is in town shoveling coal in the furnace and sweeping up the front porch,
Mr Prohibit is busy mowing Hanks ranch.
he dont get the fences cause the posts are frozen down,
but every thing thats loose like stones, harness or oats, stoves, and his ice cream vanished as

rounded buttes more or less separated from one another, and in the western part of a series of dissected ridges gradually rising higher toward the west to their culmination in Baldy or Bear Paw mountain and Centennial peak. The highest, Bear Paw, being 7040 feet above the level of the sea, and about 4000 feet above the plains.

The Little Rockies are the part of the south boundary that separate Blaine and Phillips counties.

The Little Rockies have very promising gold quartz mines on which there is one of the largest gold producing plants in the world. This section was only a part of Blaine county until such time as would be necessary to pull the string and get a county for Ben Phillips. The Little Rockies appear to be a true mountain range with a length of probably twenty miles and a width of ten. In the canyons of this range one finds many beauty spots and at one place not far from the Saint Paul's Mission is a very pretty Natural Bridge that is formed over a dry canyon.

Several fine mountain streams have their source in these mountains and flow toward the Milk river, or more particularly into Peoples creek, which is a stream rising in the Bear's Paw and flowing in an easterly or northeasterly direction to the Milk river, near Dodson.

Snake creek also rises in the Bear's Paw and flows northeasterly into the Milk river, near Harlem. The valley proper of the Milk river is three or four miles wide and is susceptible of irrigation and will respond very nicely to cultivation when under water. The soil is very heavy clay or "gumbo." The Milk river is a small sluggish stream that can be and may be when the wise (?) men at the head of affairs in Washington wake up, a considerable factor in the upbuilding of the state, as up in the far western portion of the plains is the St. Marys river that has its head among the mountains of Glacier park. That stream flows into Canada, but the water can be diverted and sent to do much good in a section where good water is at a premium.

The northern portion of the county is a high bench or plateau. Much of the county can be and is at this time successfully cultivated.

CHAPTER XIII.

Political History of Blaine County.

At the time when what is now Blaine county was being settled by the "Dry Land Farmer" there was in Montana, the second largest county, in area, of any state in the Union. The

largest was in California, and was some two or three thousand square miles larger than the old Chouteau of northern Montana, which contained over sixteen thousand square miles.

It was probably perfectly proper in the days of the stockman, when it was sparsely settled, for only one county to exist, as the business could be transacted at Benton without too much expense. When all of the available land was taken up for farming, the people found that there was some excuse for making new counties, so the reason for the division of Chouteau county might be considered from two standpoints: One was that the enterprising citizens in various parts of the county were desirous of obtaining a county seat for themselves and the other one was of the size of the county and the distance to the county seat, which was at Fort Benton, in the southwestern part of the county.

In 1893 a bill was introduced in the legislature to organize Blaine county to consist of what is now Blaine and the east third of Hill county, including the city of Havre. This bill passed one house and lacked one vote, I believe, in the other house.

Another effort was made to organize this county in the name of Bear Paw county in 1901 or 1903. Ex-Senator T. M. Everett was then in the house and George Bourne was in the senate. The bill passed the house very quickly but was held up in the senate until the next to the last day of the session. Enough senators were pledged to pass the bill, but on the morning the vote was taken, J. M. Kennedy, senator from Deer Lodge county, got up late and came in just after the vote was counted. It lacked one vote of a tie. The lieutenant governor had agreed to vote for the bill in case of a tie. Kennedy expressed great disappointment and chagrin at being late.

It seemed hardly possible that we could get another bill back to the house and through the senate before time for closing the session, but we went at it resolutely, and by changing the boundaries slightly on the south to meet the objections of McNamara & Marlow, who were opposing the bill, we got it to the committee and the house ordered the bill printed the first day. When we took the bill to the state printers they claimed they could not get it out until the next morning, which meant death to the bill. Nothing daunted, however, we hired a private printing outfit to get it printed during the night. About nine in the evening some one came in and bribed the printer who was employed on the work. However, we found another to do the work and placed sentries at each door so no one could get in. At about eleven, when we were ready to go to press, the power was turned off and we had neither power nor light to run the press. There was a hand power press in the building, however, and we started that and by working all night, were able to have the bill out the first

thing in the morning. For those who knew Charlie Barton in his lifetime, it may be a surprise to know that he was one of the chief pushers on the hand press. I venture to say he sweat more on that job than on any job since he was a young man. The bill was quickly passed through the house under the leadership of Ex-Senator Everett, who was a prime favorite in that body, and it was brought to a vote in the senate late that evening. This time Kennedy was there, but instead of casting his vote in favor of the bill, he cast it against it, as did one of the other senators who had previously voted for it, and county division was dead for two years at least.

The next effort was made in 1907, and included the same territory as the former bills; that is, all of Blaine and about one-third of Hill county. By this time Havre had become quite a city and its people were very much opposed as it left them very much to one side of the county, the west line of the county running near Fort Assinniboine. This time the county was to be named Bear Paw county. In this case, the bill passed the Senate, with Harlem as the temporary county seat, but did not get a favorable vote in the house. The fight to name the temporary county seat between Chinook and Harlem was very heated, but the personal popularity of Senator Everett, and the fact that Harlem was almost in the geographical center of the proposed county, gave Harlem the best of it.

In 1911 another bill was prepared and printed for the creation of Blaine county almost according to its present lines. These lines were agreed upon by the people of Havre, Chinook and Harlem previous to the preparation of the bill, and probably the bill would have passed if it had not been for the enactment of the general law authorizing the organization of counties by the people within the county. When that bill was passed, no further effort was made to create Blaine county by act of the Legislature.

In the summer of 1911, the people of both Havre and Chinook commenced the agitation of county division. The Havre people wanted a county to embrace all of what is now Hill and Blaine counties, with Havre as the county seat. The Chinook people naturally preferred a different arrangement, and they very quietly prepared a bill for the creation of what is now Blaine county, then they started a very energetic campaign to get signatures, sending out fourteen teams or more the first day. Before the Havre people realized what was being done, the Blaine county people had almost enough signatures to insure the submission of the question to the people. The Havre and Harlem people proposed to fight the Blaine county proposition, and circulate instead, petitions for the creation of the county of Hill to include Blaine, but when it was found by the Havre people that the Blaine

county petition was almost completed, they abandoned the hope of defeating the organization of Blaine county, and they immediately commenced the circulation of Hill county petitions to embrace only that part of Chouteau county as later organized into Hill county.

The original law for the creation of counties by the people was very indefinite, and the proponents of Blaine county were compelled to get an order from the Supreme Court before the Commissioners would order the election. In the meantime, the Hill county petitions were prepared and filed and election was held on the same day in both counties in February, 1912. The Hill county returns were filed one day earlier than Blaine county, so Hill county was in fact, the first county organized under the law for the organization of counties by the people, but Blaine county was the first to circulate and file petitions under this law.

As soon as the Commissioners ordered a vote on the Blaine county petitions, would-be office holders got busy. Chinook citizens contented themselves with the county seat. All officers were elected from the eastern part of the proposed county. A nonpartisan convention was held at Dodson, presided over by Mr. McCandless, manager of the Ruby Gulch Mining company at Zortman. Everything went off peaceably and every one appeared to be fairly well satisfied. The vote was very strong in favor of the creation of the county. The selection of a name for the new county was left to Attorney W. B. Sands, who prepared the petitions for circulation.

At the time Blaine county was created, the first officials were: L. B. Taylor, senator; John Collins, representative; Thos. Dowen, E. M. Kennedy and Robert Coburn, county commissioners; Isaac Neibaur, sheriff; Daniel C. Kenyon, treasurer; J. Dwight Jones, clerk of the district court; Vernon Butler, clerk and recorder; William Johnson, assessor; Donald L. Blackstone, county attorney; Miss A. L. Short, superintendent of schools; Preston M. Bosley, public administrator; Dr. Kosciusko, coroner, and A. G. Middleton, county surveyor; all Progressives, as it was a Progressive year in this part of Montana.

At the time of the creation of Blaine county there were two aspirants for the county seat, Chinook, situated within eight miles of the western boundary of the county; Harlem, which was situated very near the geographical center of the county, east and west. The geographical location of the two towns should have given the county seat to Harlem, and perhaps would have done so, except for the fact that Senator Ben. D. Phillips, who lived in the southeastern part of the county (or to be exact, owned large interests there and who lived the most of the time in Oakland, Cal.) had in view a further division scheme which would

segregate the eastern part of the new county, and with the western part of Valley county create a new one, which was to be named for him. In order to carry out his dream he entered into an agreement with the town boosters of Chinook to deliver the vote of the east portion of the county to Chinook for the county seat.

The Honorable (?) B. D. Phillips, being the principal owner of the mines in the Little Rockies, as well as one of the largest sheep men and land owners of the state, was in a position to deliver the vote, and hence the county seat as he had agreed to do.

It is easy to see why Chinook got the county seat; because the man who could see into the future far enough to work the people for personal reasons and for selfish motives, without regard for their personal interests, wanted to strengthen a future plan by which he could again tear asunder the new county which he had helped create and from its members make something that was to bear his name so the future generations would know that he had lived. Had I been Ben I should have left this to some other generation or to other hands to place my name on the scroll.

Two years is only a short time in the story of a county, but it is long enough to see the scheme of the honorable gentleman carried into effect. The new county of Phillips was created out of the sections as above mentioned.

The assessor of Blaine county in one instance at least, assessed Mr. Phillips on a portion of his mining property in the Little Rockies. This was something that had seldom been done when the property was in old Chouteau county. This act in itself was teaching him that he must get busy and create a county where his political influence would be of value, as it was a little on the wane, as too many new people were coming in as settlers who were not acquainted with him and did not feel under any obligations to him.

He wanted a county which he could control, politically, and especially as to taxation of mines, so he manipulated the lines of the new county of Phillips so as to take in all his property, and at the same time leave as much political opposition as was possible, out.

After all is said and done, we have got to take our hats off to Ben Phillips. A great many mean things have been said about him and have been published about him in some of the leading magazines in the country. To me, who has known him for many years, there is much that can be said in his favor. Ben Phillips was brought up under a peculiar environment. It was not given to him to be raised in the most refined way, for his was

always the life of the pioneer, among the miners and the cowboys, whose ideas would not reflect credit upon those of the people of today. Now, do not misunderstand me. I am not going to say that those old-time fellows were bad, or that they were not just as good and, maybe, better, than the majority of the people of today. To them their code was good, for the reason that there were nowhere near as many laws or fads as now. They lived close to nature and did many things that, at this time, would put men in jail, or the penitentiary, or keep one fined to such an extent that one would be continually broke. If the writer were to stop right here, one would say that those old fellows, who were brave and hardy enough to break the trail into this new country, subdue the savages, drive out the wild beasts, and conquer adverse conditions, were a mighty hard lot who had been driven from their old haunts by better men who simply wanted to rid themselves of a nuisance. Such is not the case by any means, and the writer, himself, one of them, thanks the Giver of All Good that he was one of the old pioneers of this great state.

It was not wrong in those days to fish or hunt without a license. It is now. It was not wrong to play poker or gamble in those old days, nor to pass the time away, for the sake of change, in the hurdy house. It was not wrong to run a foot-race or try the speed of the pony you thought so much of and which was a part of you. It wasn't quite so bad to drink in those old days, as men were not drinking poison, as their drinks were not adulterated, as now.

Men in those days did those things and broke no laws. They were within their rights then, but now they would be beyond the pale.

Many a good woman danced in the hurdy house and raised boys who have escaped the penitentiary, and girls who did by no means become outcasts in society.

Many a man who now fills in, in life's most responsible places were saloon-keepers, hurdy-house owners, Indian agents or traders, prize fighters or gamblers, and their sons and daughters hold their heads just as high and occupy just as honorable positions in society as do the sons and daughters of the minister or jurist. To us, of today, this was lax and certainly not right. To them, I repeat, not wrong.

If the subject of my sketch had enjoyed the higher education or been raised in an exclusive set, he might have been honored for his brilliant abilities that had been used for the express purpose of upbuilding the race and to set an example for this generation which, to attain, would have been the best heritage he could have left his children. Phillips became a power in old Chou-

teau county to such an extent that he was elected to the state senate. But Phillips got into the legislature of Montana at the wrong time. He got into it at a time when two Gladiators had cast their gauntlets into the political arena and proposed to gain their ends, even if they debauched the state and besmeared the fair names of their best friends, so that future generations could not cleanse them from the filth.

The fight of Clark and Daly made the one particular dark, unerasable, blot on the fair page of Montana's political story. Before their day men had fought for political supremacy, in a less contemptible way, and left no trail covered with political derelicts, without an honorable aim, to guide, or a friendly hand to help them on their way. Yes, the great plains of the east, the mountains and valleys of the west, had men returned to them whose names were covered with filth and slime that the purest water ever distilled from the fairy forms that fall from heaven and fold their arms around our granite peaks, can never wash away.

And Phillips, and many more, men even who had been raised by the fairest mothers and the most princely fathers, under the best environment, fell when tempted by these men who were just as devilish in their day, and propably even worse, than that Devil who took his Lord on the mountain top and tried to seduce Him with promises. But let us not judge these men who sold themselves too harshly, my reader; you never had $50,000 or probably $10,000 promised you for your vote, and if you have not, don't condemn these men who fell.

Clark and Daly were equally guilty when the fair name of Montana was bandied about and made a thing of reproach in a political way. It was a matter of fancied wrong on the part of Daly, and to fight fire with fire that caused Clark to fight back.

Clark's superior brains and larger quantities of money gave him the victory, dearly bought though it was.

But to return to Phillips, he was and is a man who made a good neighbor and one who helped to upbuild the section in which he lived. It appeared to me that he was kind and very generous with his neighbors in more ways than one, and the fact that he was able to hold these people in line and get such a stable monument, a county, erected in his name, proves it.

Many funny things in a political way were in practice even in the early days of our history. Many of them may have been fabrications, but they are more or less interesting reading at this time.

In the days when the Honorable Martin Maginnis was elected delegate to congress from the territory of Montana, there

was a voting precinct at a point on the Missouri river, in the southeast portion of what was later to become Blaine county, known as Wilder's Landing. The election was pretty close between Maginnis and his opponent and for a long time it was not known who was elected. Finally the returns came in from Wilder's Landing, casting some four hundred and odd votes, all for Maginnis. At that time there were about one dozen voters in the vicinity, but the government was holding near there *four hundred mules* used in transportation of supplies from Wilder's to Fort Assinniboine. It is unknown as to who positively cast the vote for Maginnis at that precinct, but it was generally supposed that those four hundred mules, in sympathy for their ancestor, the Democratic Donkey, cast a solid vote for Martin.

It is also said that a great many amusing things happened in politics in northern Montana before the days of the Australian ballot and the registration of voters. One incident is related of a certain work or construction crew of one hundred or more men under the guiding hand of the Hon. Jerry Flannigan, since of Butte (he died in the Placer hotel during the meeting of the legislature of 1917, being at the time one of the representatives from Silver Bow county) who started in voting at the first precinct this side of the Dakota line and voted that day at every precinct along the line of the Great Northern from that point to Havre, and including that place.

This was the same Jerry Flannigan who had conducted, for many years, a bull train for Col. Broadwater and it was as such that he learned railroading. He was also, the same Jerry to whom Col. Sanders, when handing a ragged bill to him for fare, to which Jerry objected, said: "If you don't want it give it to the company."

It is said there was a time when even the best citizens of Harlem were susceptible to that particular thing we call the root of all evil, as our friend Mac, who was running for senator of Chouteau county and having plenty of money, and not desirous of defeat, sent his henchman and foreman to our precinct, noted for its Republican partisanism, and openly purchased at ten dollars per vote, all those who were willing to exchange their manhood for so trivial an amount.

We who now find ourselves possessed of homes here on the broad plains of Northern Montana, in the County of Blaine, have a duty to perform that will prove our worth to future generations. We live but a day and are then gathered to our fathers, to become dust as they, but let us build in this new commonwealth, well, so that no ill reproach may be attached to our memories.

CHAPTER XIV.

(Tune, Beulah Land.)

I've reached the land of wind and heat
Where nothing grows for man to eat;
This awful dust and scorching heat,
In all the world is hard to beat.

Chorus:
Oh, Idaho land,
Oh, Idaho land,
As on the alkali beds I stand,
I look across the sage-brush plains
And wonder why it never rains
Till Gabriel blows his trumpet sound
And says the rain has all gone 'round.

The farmer goes out to his corn,
I never saw him look so lorn,
He is amazed, he's almost shocked
To find the corn amid the stalk.

Chorus: Oh, Idaho land, etc.

The people here are all one race;
Starvation stares us in the face;
We do not live, we only stay—
We are too poor to move away.

Dry Farming.

That the great plains of Eastern Montana were always to benefit the stockman was the idea that prevailed in the minds of the wisest of those who had come in the early days to make their homes—in what was then known as the "Buffalo County"—later, when those animals were driven out, to become the home of the big stockman; whether engaged in cattle, horse or sheep, it did not matter.

The extinction of the buffalo was a thing that was accomplished in a manner that was heartrending to the Indians, but so effective that it only required a short time to so thoroughly efface them that where millions roamed in the '70s, none were to be found in the later '80s. General Miles, so it is told, had said that the most successful manner of subduing the Indian would be the complete annihilation of the immense herds of buffalo that were used by them both as food and a medium of exchange, as the

hide had become valuable or was valuable as a unit well known to both white and Red. (Their extinction will be told in its proper place.)

By whom dry farming was first attempted in Montana I do not know. I would like very much to give credit to that person who began something which has since made many homes for those who have been willing to try to subdue the dry lands on the great prairies of our state, as well as the hills and bench lands above the ditch.

The fact is that "Dry Farming" is simply a term which is used in contra-distinction to irrigation. The modes of farming are as different—in a way—as the individual farmer wishes. It is true that the conservation of the moisture can be done by using a certain formula that has been, and is being taught by the scientific or "book farmer" which simply means one who is observant enough to note conditions and what produces them, with the faculty of reducing them to writing so that some one else can have the advantage of his knowledge, which is the result of observation.

The writer has been in Montana for over fifty years and has seen all the changes take place that have changed the buffalo pastures into fruitful fields, the benches and hills into farms and orchards and that leads one to believe that the great state of Montana is even now in its swaddling clothes.

In 1909 he was working for the state as an agent in the department of the State Lands. This gave him an opportunity to go over much of the country, as a part of his duty was to appraise for the sale and lease.

(While working in this capacity he feels particularly proud of certain work which was accomplished through him and which, were it not for a matter of history, he would not relate. He saw that the school lands of the state were being used by some, not alone for grazing, but for agriculture as well. He could not believe that this was looked at in the correct light by the men in charge of the land office, and so told them. This was a matter which was something new to them and was not looked upon kindly by those who were over him. He went to the Governor, Edwin L. Norris, and gave him an explanation of his idea and wishes, and the Governor, ever-ready to secure the best results for the people of Montana, called the Board of Land Commissioners together at once and a resolution was passed at that meeting making a grazing and also an agricultural price which should be paid by the lessee. This resolution which the state board passed at that meeting has made, so Joseph Oker said, "Hundreds of thousands of dollars for the school fund.")

The writer feels that he has been well repaid for the thought that came to him, as the results have been so beneficial to the

state at large. He could see no reason why any one should extract the substance from the soil of land owned by the state without paying for it.

He admits that though he had seen many fine crops taken from the land above the ditch in the Gallatin valley, he was not wide-awake enough to see the possibilities and probabilities of the Great Plains to the east.

There was a reason why the hills and bench lands of the inter-mountain section might produce crops above the ditch, as the conformation of the mountain ranges caused more precipitation than was known to exist on the lands far removed from such influences.

He had seen the accounts of the experiences of the Hon. Paris Gibson, of Great Falls, who had claimed that there was no such thing as desert land in Montana, and that one could make a success by using the methods that had been advanced by the book-farmer.

He had also seen articles by Professor Campbell, who had been compelled to stick with his claim in South Dakota because he was to poor to leave.

He had met Professor Linfield, of the Montana Agricultural College, at Bozeman, and listened—as he had too many others—without heeding the advice of this man who had given up his life to agricultural pursuits, believing, but never positively asserting that he knew, that the arid lands would prove his predelictions, and make homes for thousands of hardy pioneers who would try out the experiments of the Scientific Farmer.

The writer was in Bozeman and the Professor asked him if he intended to attend the Dry Farming Congress which was to convene at Billings the coming fall. As he was working for the state he could hardly see how he could quit his work for a week and put the state to the expense of a visit of that nature, when he did not really believe that the state would receive any benefit in dollars and cents.

He thus explained the matter to the Professor, who came back: "Noyes, you go to Billings and attend that meeting and you will have learned enough so that for every dollar you will spend the state will be reimbursed to such an extent that you will be glad you went, and that you took my advice. It is needless to say that I accepted the gentleman's advice and never missed one of the talks, morning or evening, during the whole meeting.

Men were there from all over the known world. I listened to them with wrapt attention, when they told how things could be done that would open the eyes of those who did not want to see.

I saw the results of their labors in the many beautiful displays of grains, vegetables and fruits—all raised on land above the ditch, and some of them where drinking water was at a premium.

I met many of these men. Among others, I met one who had at one time been in my employ, working in the dairy or at any kind of labor that a ranch required. He was at that time in the employ of the government as an expert, to become later the Dean of the Agricultural College of the state of Kansas, and one of the leading agronomists in the world, William Jardine.

Professor Linfield was right, the author had learned a lesson and put at once into practice the information that had come to him, by placing a higher value on the lands susceptible to agriculture.

He recalls one piece of land, not far from Manhattan in the Gallatin valley, on which he placed a value of $22.50 per acre and which was thought by the boys in the land office too high—in fact so high that a re-appraisement must needs be made before the state could realize on it. The same fall that land was sold at Bozeman for $51.50 an acre.

How the Writer Learned of the Land on the Milk River or Northern Montana.

In one of his trips to the Northern part of the state he had stopped at Harlem to look over some land, from which place he was to go as far as Coburg and Saco. On the train from Harlem to Coburg was a pioneer plainsman, John Forgy, who told him of a section of country to the north and just south of and bordering on the Canadian line, which was noted for its fine soil and excellent water. He also said that some of the people in Harlem, with J. J. Hill and the Agricultural College of Montana had begun to experiment along agricultural lines. While the writer listened attentively to the gentleman he could see no reason why he should at any time take advantage of the information. The one thing that impressed him the most favorably was the good water, as that was an unknown quantity along the bottom lands of the Milk river valley.

After attending the Congress he explained to his wife—who had always been willing to follow his fortunes (as The Story of Ajax will prove) that he thought it would be a good idea to look into the section of country concerning which Forgy had told him earlier in the season, and that probably they might repair their broken fortunes by taking up a piece of land and by using some of the knowledge that he had absorbed by listening to the men who had succeeded along the lines which he now contemplated.

Not caring to go at this matter blindly, he went to see Professors Linfield and Nelson, two of the men under whom the work had taken place at the experiment farm north of Harlem—and sought their advice, as well as what knowledge they had secured through their work and observation.

Both of these gentlemen spoke in glowing terms of that particular section of the state; told what they thought of its future and explained what had been done, handing a pamphlet that gave a description in concise language. They thought that they knew of no particular place—then to be had—that would prove better adapted to what one wanted—the making of a home on the prairie.

The writer also sought information from Senator Thomas M. Everett, of Harlem, a man who had made a success as a ranchman on the bottom lands of the Milk river under irrigation, and who had been instrumental in having the experimental station started to see if it could not be demonstrated that the land was more valuable for agriculture than it was for grazing.

The senator replied to his letter, giving him the results of what had been done and saying that the year just passed (1909) the grain, especially oats, had produced over one hundred bushels per acre and that everything else that had been put in the ground that year had done so well that many people had come to the conclusion that no longer was the raising of crops, in that section, problematical, but an assured fact, and they were beginning to homestead the lands that were near the 'farm.' This letter was not one that was misleading in any way, just a good, common sense communication to one who wished for facts, so far as the facts could be known.

The writer came to the conclusion to go and make a personal investigation. He also thought it would be a wise idea to go east with an illustrated lecture on dry lands of Montana and try to secure emigrants whom he thought were coming to the state.

On the second day of February, 1910, he got a team, and with Hans Twete, who had taken land near the experiment station, as driver and guide, went to look over the country.

While several had located that fall there was only one house occupied and that was by Bob Gorsuch and brother. A young Dane who was building a shack three or four miles east, was staying with the Gorsuchs that winter. We accepted the hospitality of Bob, who had seen the experimental farm while the grain was being harvested the fall before, and concerning which they gave such glowing accounts. (Bob never stayed long enough to prove up as the hot and dry seasons so completely discouraged him that he sold his claim for a small amount and quit.)

Here was a new world to conquer and to one used to the life of a pioneer there could be no great hardships to encounter that would deter any one with nerve. We returned to Harlem the next day well satisfied with what we had seen and learned.

To go east and secure many emigrants who would be willing to pay for the correct information as to a good location was thought to be an easy thing. I must admit that the attempt was made without any good results and a return to Montana was considered the best thing to be done, if we wanted to get a claim for ourselves, as we found that J J. Hill and the big railroad interests of the country were doing all they could to see that the free homesteads of Montana should be taken up, as they could see that they could derive some benefit, at least while the operation was taking place. Then, too, Hill had seen the Dakotas build up and thrive.

The writer and his son (Raymond) hurried back to Harlem. When we arrived there we found that almost every man, woman and child had become obsessed with a wish to help locate the "Scissorbills" and secure a little of the money they were bringing into the country—get it while they could, as too many of them had no hope that these people would succeed in making a permanent home for themselves.

The truth is, the stockmen had seen the hot sun burn the grass to a crisp or had seen the seasons when no grass had grown at all for lack of moisture. Then some, who had stock, thought that the Dry Farmer would secure their pasture and, while they could not make a living themselves they would drive the stockman from his rightful possession, as the buffalo hunter had driven the Indians from their hunting grounds, as they had left nothing to hunt.

The scramble for land was on. Any one who had come to the Northwest through the gateway of St. Paul could not help but see the splendid display that had been gotten together by the Great Northern Railroad company. One could hardly believe that Montana could produce such a variety of products that were there assembled. Such profusion; such quality and quantity. It was truly enough to make the homeless man turn his pockets to see if he could find enough to take advantage of the low (?) cost of homesteading.

Of course Hill's men and Hill himself did not say that all people could and would make a success, but the door of opportunity was standing ajar and to him who would push it open and delve deeply and wisely among the treasures there assembled would surely find some gem of great value.

So they came, men and women, from all over the middle and eastern states to take advantage of the chance thrown out to them.

In those days when we were trying to settle the lands on the big prairies we had all kinds of discouragements in the advice given by those who did not, for several reasons, wish us to stay. The writer recalls that one morning he came from his room and listened to the impassioned speech that a gentleman was making concerning the influx of settlers. He said, among other things: "Any man who has no more principle than to locate men on these plains in northern and eastern Montana, where the drouth and hot winds will surely sap the strength from every plant that they attempt to grow should be hanged by the neck until he is dead. No greater crime could be committed than the one now being carried into effect. These people will come here, led by false representation, and when they have tried and failed they will be broke, paupers, on the hands of those who can ill afford to assume such a responsibility. Why, I will agree to haul with one four-horse team, and at one time, all that they can ever raise." I have never doubted but what that man, at the time he was making that talk, believed what he said, and actually thought he was telling the truth.

I listened to him for some time and then told him he sounded to me much like a stockman who wished that what he was saying would come true. That he had personal reasons for saying what he did in order to keep people from taking up the range. I told him that he surely did not know what he was talking about, but that he was not to blame for that as many of us in Montana had thought as he had, but that we were not yet enlightened to the fullest concerning the possibilities of the country. I admitted that up until a very short time before I had thought and talked as he had, but that we must face the issues as they were presented to us, and one of them would be the taking up of all the land that was at all susceptible to agriculture. I told him what I had seen at Billings and left him completely silent with a parting shot to "stop and think."

Before going on to give some of the actual experiences that took place under my observation, concerning the farming of dry land in Blaine county, I wish to give credit to those men who first thought there was some possibility of making the land, if rightly farmed, produce enough for a livelihood.

The First Dry Experiment Station.

Dry farming in an experimental way was begun in 1905 to determine the feasibility of raising crops without irrigation in what is now Blaine county. This was the first experiment station in Montana. This station was financed by a few of the business men of Harlem—Charles A. Smith, Charles H. Barton, Henry

C. Turner and Thomas M. Everett, with a few small contributions from some of the other citizens.

The first year's crop was sown on the sod and was only a partial success. About ten to fifteen acres were put in in wheat, oats, barley and flax.

The following year the same parties, in connection with the State Agricultural college and the Great Northen railroad, selected a section of land near the place we had used and which Congress set aside for ten years for experimental purposes. Dry land farming was carried on upon about 100 to 160 acres of land for five or six years, with a yield that demonstrated beyond a doubt that dry-land farming, if carried on scientifically, would produce a good yield, at least every other year, with summer fallow. The crops averaged, during that time, from fifteen to forty bushels of wheat; twenty to one hundred bushels of oats; eighteen to forty-five bushels of barley, and ten to eighteen bushels of flax per acre. Corn and garden stuff were grown in the same way.

This work was carried on until the cultivation of dry farms was general and it was no longer necessary to carry on the farm.

All the first settlers who came into the country seemed to be of the opinion that the land in the immediate vicinity were the only lands that could be successfully cultivated, so they were the first taken up. (We have to thank the Hon. T. M. Everett for the above information.)

To resume our narrative: We find that the spring of 1909 many settlers came to locate the dry lands in what was soon to become Blaine county.

The spring was early and the month of March was dry and hot with not a vestige of moisture.

Of course there was a possibility that there would be plenty of rain in the growing season and a few people came to the conclusion that they would put in a few acres.

The writer had no idea from any thing of a practical nature what farming meant.

It was at last agreed upon, by others of his party, that he was to go to the west and get some horses, machinery, etc., and put in as large an acreage as possible. He returned with six head of horses and the breaking of the sod began. It was too soon demonstrated that there was too little moisture to allow one to plow. Our first breaking consisted of about two acres. This land was planted with potatoes which cost $1.75 per sack at the railroad, which was 30 miles away. It took eight sacks to put in what we considered the proper amount.

After the seed was in, all we could do was to wait for the heavenly sprinkling cart to come along and with its aid, and the

revivifying rays of the summer sun, cause those tubers to spring into life, producing something which would be a thing to eat, if not "A thing of beauty."

While we were waiting for the water wagon to come along and do its part we began to have our day dreams. We could imagine the many fine things we could buy when we had harvested the crop (?) If we could get much of a yield and the price was as good as in the fall as it was when we bought the seed we could take a trip to California or some other place where we could be far removed from the rigors of an almost Arctic clime. In fact we spent that money in many ways, in our minds (and that is the only way we ever had to spend it) while we were waiting for the rain.

That season there must have been a great big umbrella or a mammoth Zeppelin hanging over our northlands, as no moisture fell. We had seen some place that the rain falls on the just and the unjust. We couldn't have been either one or the other as no moisture fell in quantities sufficient to cause the spuds to get up a sweat.

The hot sun came and the waves, of hot air, as they rolled in billows over the parched fields left no moisture, for a time long enough, to bring to life any of the seeds that many a time, under more auspicious conditions, must have dotted those vast plains.

No flower sprang into existence to entice the bee with its fragrance, and not a bird warbled its sweet song to break the awful stillness that surrounded the "shack" on the thirsty prairie we had selected for home (?).

No blast that ever blew across the seething flames of Hades could have more thoroughly withered the small blades of grass, as they tried to lift their heads from mother earth, than did those hot winds that came from a h——, of a self-made nature.

Prairie fires caught in the grass of a year that was dead—and in the month of June—when all the land should have had a carpet of green with clusters of flowers to beautify the scene, swept every vestige from the soil and left it a black, bleak space.

Our potatoes? Why, they would not grow. They, many of them, even refused to sprout and were dug, later, and eaten after they had remained in the ground all summer. Other people did not fare any better than we did. It was surely a year to be remembered.

The experimental farm was worked and while it did not produce a large crop it did, however, produce something and was not a complete failure.

This was proof of what the Professors had said: "Conserve your moisture and you will be sure to have some kind of a crop."

The writer and his wife left this uncongenial section to secure work in a more favorable field so that the younger ones of the family might remain and hold down their claims.

No hay had grown and the only means of keeping their horses during the coming winter would be either to cut the dead grass or haul hay from the Milk River valley, thirty miles away, and pay a high price for it. It was thought wise to cut the dry hay, but it proved any thing but a success. The horses were allowed to go to the range each day and in that way they were brought through, though they were in very poor shape to do much work the next spring.

The spring of 1911 found us with fifty to sixty acres of land ready for seeding, as there had been a little moisture during the winter.

As flax had been high the year before we came to the conclusion to put in at least fifty acres into that seed and try a few acres of wheat and oats. The flax, for seeding, had cost us, laid down on the farm, four dollars per bushel. With the moisture we had that spring and the persuasive heat of the sun's rays properly applied that fifty-acre tract looked like the blue waters of some wonderful lake, or a garden of flowers, that was soon to produce wealth in the myriad bolls that were to take their place.

The boys could see success every time they looked upon that smiling field and our neighbors, with more experience than we, congratulated us on a crop that would produce 1000 bushels. But, alas, for our dreams and speculations, they were to be nipped in the bud, as the hot sun tempered the wind to "sear" the flax, and instead of having 1000 bushels, we had 84!

This was really and truly a disappointment, that to be appreciated to the fullest extent, must have been felt to be thoroughly understood.

Mother and myself, with two of the young people, would leave the farm for the winter, thus placing the care of the stock in the hands of one who would be able to care for it; as it would be much more economical than to try and haul our wood as the boys had done the year before, thirty miles.

We had the flax seed for several acres of ground for the next year's seeding. We did succeed in getting several acres of new ground ready. We put the ground we had had the year before into flax into oats. We sowed a few acres of wheat but put most of our new land into flax. That year (1912) proved that nature could smile on the dry plains if she wanted to.

The birds came back and once in a while a bee could be seen flying among the flowers! Yes, flowers! Many beautiful blooming plants came to beautify the scene and their delicate perfume filled the senses with pleasant memories. Every one who had

been fortunate enough to have land prepared had his hope, in a final success, renewed. It was a bumper crop.

How strange it is we do not have all our hopes fulfilled. It must be that being human—and full of mistakes—our desires are not wise ones, or they would culminate more often in pleasure.

So far as we were concerned (I mean all the new comers when I use the word we) the desires were by no means of a selfish nature. We had come to a new country with limited means, which had been too soon dissipated through, to me, the malicious action of Nature itself.

We had tried to produce our bread "By the sweat of our brow," and completely failed. The land had been prepared as well as we knew how, the seed had been sown and cultivation had been given, but Nature smiled in derision on every effort of puny man and withheld her assistance, without which man can accomplish no more than can the most microscopic specimen known to the scientist.

But this year nature smiled on all our work and the production was lavish throughout the whole world. As has been mentioned, we paid high prices for seed two years before, but when the bumper crop was ready for market the price had become so low—104 for flax, 15 cents for oats and sixty cents for wheat, that no one under those circumstances could make both ends meet.

This made the third season on our dry farm, two of which were complete failures, that would have made us objects of charity (as it did some others) if we had not had other means of support, and one fat one that did not much more than return the cost of production after the haul of thirty miles to the railroad had been made. Surely not much encouragement to one who had expected better results.

People began to feel discouraged and look forward to the time when it would be possible to get a title to something that appeared almost worthless—so they could go to some other place where there was a possibility of getting a sure return for their labor and capital. Others, who had been wiser and had followed the advice of the "Book farmer" (to summer fallow) had been more successful than those who had gone on heedless of the wisdom of the careful experimenter.

Man, himself, is not more erratic than nature. If there is anything in heredity man should be excused in the final reckoning for all his peculiarities of temperament and activities because his mother, nature, has treated him with more incivilities and actual punishment than could ever be dreamed of in the minds of man.

She had taught him to be selfish, as he has to hoard the accumulations of the fat seasons for the time which is sure to come, the lean ones. If it had taught him a sense of proportion, so he could

have known his needs, and secreted only enough to gratify them, then he would not have developed, to such an extent that he lost all sight of the needs of his neighbors in his blind greed for more than he could use, but which, if distributed, would have relieved the pressure on his more unfortunate brother and made his life a thing of pleasure and not a cause of remorse and misery. (I must admit that I am not writing a work on moral philosophy, simply the story of a new county in the great state of Montana.)

The dry years of 1910 and 1911 made the stockman laugh with glee. No longer could the "Scissorbill" possibly stay in a section that had so wilfully withheld all support.

The writer heard them as they were sitting in the shade of their more comfortable roofs, in town, say: "Another year will get them. They cannot stay." If the homesteader moved the stockman would be more than repaid for the few years' worry they had endured, because the buildings, wells and improvements would be left, things of value to them, but of no earthly use to the man who had tried and failed.

It has been the belief of the writer that those people who came to the state in 1910-11 were more unfortunate—if they were compelled to stay on their places—than were those who came later, when crops were actually raised through their first endeavors.

The years 1912-13-15-16 had proven conclusively that there was a possibility of making a home on the dry plains. The year 1913 had not by any means proved one full of success, but it had not been a failure. These years marked the destruction of the range for range purposes alone. Houses of more pretention began to take the place of the little black shack, stables displaced the sod hovel, trees were planted to break the monotony of the bleak prairie, schools and churches in convenient places had been erected, and peace and plenty began to cause the smile of contentment to suffuse the faces of many that had begun too soon to be lined with care.

All the known land that had any agricultural value, was soon in the hands of the private owner and began to take a money value, and was a thing sought for by those who would not at first believe.

We would like to write of some of those who have passed through the different stages and name them, but if we should give credit where due to the men and women who have helped to make the county of homes we would only have a book of or a list of names and not conditions.

We have given only a few of our own experiences, as thousands of people on the dry farms had the same that we did and they can lay claim to any thing in particular that they wish to

take home to themselves—as all went through about the same heartrending troubles before they were successful—if they had families.

The young men or young women were more fortunate, as they could leave and find employment in more favorable localities.

Some one will tell the story of his or her life on the arid plains in such detail that the tears will flow down the cheeks of the sympathetic and the heart will throb in unison with him who was brave enough to stay and win success through hard and self-sacrificing endeavor.

That success has been won is proven by the fact that all the land was taken up in a few years and that elevators that once had not a bushel of grain, were full to bursting, and that instead of one or two in a county, dozens were needed; that banks, stores, churches and schools were multiplied in sections that only a few years ago was the home for a few stockmen whose cowboys and sheep herders "Were monarch of all they surveyed."



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